

The Nation

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Wednesday, May 6, 1925

Washington: A City Without a Main Street

by John W. Owens

The Americans Wouldn't Compromise!

by Ellen La Motte

Ellen Glasgow . . . *by James Branch Cabell*

John Wanamaker . . . *by R. F. Dibble*

Jewish History . . . *by Hendrik W. van Loon*

Bulgaria Explodes
President Hindenburg
The Code of the Sea

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LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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SENATOR WHEELER AND AMERICA have won; Daugherty and the Republican Party have lost. One cannot regard Senator Wheeler's trial as a judicial proceeding; it was a battle. The indictments were a peculiarly base perversion of the machinery of justice to the purposes of political persecution. The Republican Party, smarting at Wheeler's revelation of the corrupt atmosphere of its Department of Justice, sent a tool, Blair Coan, to Montana, instructed to "get something" on Wheeler. The tool has confessed that the plot was hatched with George Lockwood of the Republican National Committee and Harry Daugherty himself. The trial was delayed until after the election, apparently in order to injure the La Follette-Wheeler candidacy. When it came, the prosecution resorted to the indecency of a secret "surprise witness," so that the defense might not know with what it was charged, a flagrant violation of the elementary principles of legal ethics. And now, after all, the Montana jury has voted Wheeler not guilty, unanimously and on the first ballot. All the power and all the sleuths of the Coolidge Administration and of the Daugherty gang could not build up a case against this exposé of corruption.

THE FACTS OF THIS CASE ought never to be forgotten. They cut deep into the rottenness of official Washington. Senator Wheeler, almost single-handed, had forced the Senate to investigate Harry Daugherty's administration of the Department of Justice. Although not the

chairman of the investigating committee, he led its work. The revelations which he made forced President Coolidge, albeit unwillingly, to call for Daugherty's resignation, exposed a system of crookedness and misuse of influence, and have since led to a clean-up of Atlanta Prison and to several convictions. If the Government had been as eager to punish crooks as political opponents it would have led to more. In the midst of that investigation a member of the Republican National Committee, conferring with a member of the Coolidge Cabinet, arranged to send Blair Coan to look into Wheeler's record and to find something against him. The shabby indictments just dismissed followed. Wheeler's exposures continued, but under a shadow. The Department of Justice, even under Attorney General Stone, since promoted to the Supreme Court, never cooperated with him wholeheartedly; the department did cooperate enthusiastically in prosecuting Wheeler. Indictments obtained against him in the city of Washington by its efforts still stand. The Senate, when the indictment was first brought, appointed a committee headed by Senator Borah, which honorably reported "wholly exonerating" Senator Wheeler. But the Executive has from the start used its whole force to defeat justice. It is a scandal which ought to make a national hero of Senator Wheeler and his defender, Senator Walsh, and to cast black shame on the Coolidge Administration.

SO MR. DAWES is going on with his fight to amend the Senate rules. By all means. It will add not a little to the gaiety of Washington and will result in much good if it actually places the true situation before the public. Already Mr. Dawes has pledged both of the new Massachusetts Senators to aid him, and other recruits will be found beyond doubt. Yet we believe that the majority will stand fast. It is at bottom simply a question whether the Senate is to be brought down to the level of the House and to be made a political instrument subject to Presidential whim and partisan control. It is today the only place where independent political spirits can make themselves heard and attract national attention to their words. Certain changes in the rules may profitably be made, but they are not those which Mr. Dawes wants. His purpose is to give the powers that rule us politically and economically the chance to make the Senate subservient to those who crack the party whip.

PRECISELY AS WE PROPHESED, Mr. William S. Culbertson, vice-chairman of the Tariff Commission, has been kicked upstairs by being appointed Minister to Rumania. For months President Coolidge has been threatening this; ever since Mr. Culbertson helped to draft a report on the sugar tariff recommending its reduction by 30 per cent he has been reading in the press of his impending promotion to a legation or embassy. We understand that this is the sixth substitute post offered to him; yet we confess to disappointment that Mr. Culbertson has permitted this method of disposing of him to be successful. We had hoped that he would refuse to be eliminated in any

such humiliating way. He has been an admirable official, absolutely devoted to his duty; and this is no mere personal matter. It means that the Tariff Commission is to be emasculated and made a purely political body subservient to the Executive of the hour, whereas the whole excuse for its creation was the pretense that it was to be a scientific, fact-finding body devoid of partisanship, to take out of the tariff unfairness or favoritism. Now we see how absurd the pretense, how hollow the sham. What is to be said about the morality of the President who thus perverts important commissions, who has pigeon-holed for nine months the sugar report because it recommended cutting the tariff favors from the Sugar Trust, that favorite child of the Republican Party? Writing in the *New York World*, Silas Bent declares that the President's deliberate pigeon-holing of this report has already cost the consuming public \$53,000,000, and is still costing \$200,000 a day. This is the same President who solemnly prates about economy and promises to cut the cost of living!

AN AUTOCRATIC GOVERNMENT is bad enough anywhere, but it becomes especially dangerous when it exists in an out-of-the-way corner of the world, free from supervision and without the corrective influence of a free press or an influential body of public opinion. In such places an autocratic government tends to be either a tyrant or a joke. Judge George Washington Williams of the Virgin Islands is both. We told in our issue of February 18 how he had followed in the wake of other government martinets in the effort to muzzle the native press by haling before him Rothschild Francis, the editor of the *Emancipator*, on a charge of criminal libel because of criticism of the actions of a policeman. In spite of a strong and well-known antipathy between Judge Williams and Mr. Francis, the former denied the editor a jury trial, took charge of the case himself, and sentenced the defendant to thirty days in jail. Mr. Francis took an appeal to the United States District Court in Philadelphia, the hearing of which has not yet taken place. Meanwhile he made some comments on the case in the *Emancipator*, and Judge Williams has now summoned him for contempt. *The Nation* has repeatedly protested against the use of the contempt process to stifle press criticism, and finds no possible justification for it in this instance. We would recall the words we quoted last week by Judge Hume of the Iowa Supreme Court that the power to punish for contempt should be exercised not to protect individual judges but the people whose laws it was the duty of the bench to interpret. George Washington Williams is too small for his name. He is a petty bureaucrat who would be lost in the United States, but unrestrained and unwatched in a tiny czardom like the Virgin Islands he has infinite capacity for harm.

THE CAPE BRETON COAL MINERS are still on strike; the mines are closed; the people are hungry; and the recent conference called by Premier Armstrong broke up in flat disagreement. No situation could be more clear-cut and uncompromising. The men maintain that the 10 per cent wage cut announced by the company (the British Empire Steel Corporation, owner of all the mines) will mean complete "degradation." The Premier himself warned the officials of the company that the people of Nova Scotia would not stand for any further lowering of the wage scale, or "accept dictation from any quarter." But the

conference which he arranged between company officials and representatives of the United Mine Workers was broken up by the summary withdrawal of the president of the company, Mr. Wolvin, who, "as a heavy taxpayer in Nova Scotia," protested against the \$20,000 appropriated for relief in the strike district and announced, as he left for Montreal, "Well, we are going out of this conference prepared to do our dirtiest, and we presume you intend doing the same." The union leaders made no reply—but the strike goes on. As was suggested in our correspondence columns last week, funds for the relief of these miners and their families may be sent to the relief committee in Stellarton, Pictou County, Nova Scotia.

WAR IS NOT ALWAYS HELL. Sometimes it is just twaddle. Take the recent "attack" upon Hawaii by warships and seaplanes, and its "defense" by the territorial forces. It was a war of words rather than of bullets, fought at the expense of the newspapers and their readers. When, a number of years ago, this sham warfare first became a regular institution the object was primarily one of education for the army and navy, and doubtless it had genuine value in that direction. But the war propagandists were quick to see the possibilities of these maneuvers and, with the acquiescence of the newspapers, have turned them into an attack upon an entirely undefended public to prove our unpreparedness and the need for big appropriations for army and navy. The war propagandists have been clever, but the newspapers have been stupid. We fail to detect any public interest in these maneuvers at all commensurate with the great prominence and space that the newspapers have devoted to them. Has the press erred in its news sense, or has it on "patriotic" grounds considered it necessary to "support" the government in this publicity warfare?

EMILE VANDERVELDE, Socialist, apparently is not to be the Premier of Belgium after all. His party emerged from the April 5 election the strongest party in Belgium, but it is still a minority, and the advanced elements of the Liberal and Catholic parties have refused to give Vandervelde the necessary support. So Belgium will have to struggle along with some such makeshift coalition Government as she has had since 1921. Belgium had Liberal governments continuously until 1884; then the Catholics held office steadily until the war, when coalition governments became the vogue; since 1921 she has had no clear majority. That year the Catholics elected 80 members of the Chamber, the Socialists 68, and the Liberals 33; this year the Socialists carried 79 seats, the Catholics 78, and the Liberals only 22. The extreme Flemish Front Party carried 6 seats, and the Communists 2. The only way to build a stable government with such a Chamber is by jockeying and compromise; and small change in policy is to be expected.

HOLLAND, WHILE THE WORLD about her dreams of war, is calmly proceeding to drain the Zuyder Zee. The great twenty-mile dam between North Holland and the island of Wieringen is nearly finished, and the work goes on with Dutch steadiness. The Zuyder Zee, after all, is a small lake in American perspective; it has about as large a surface as our Great Salt Lake, but averages less than twelve feet deep. But to Holland the project to reclaim 540,000 acres of good farm land is to add a province to the

kingdom. The dream of draining it is almost as old as the Zuyder Zee itself. In Tacitus's day a fresh-water lake occupied its present site. Great storms in the twelfth century—and later—tore open the island barrier and flooded the country. Reclamation began more than three centuries ago. Some of the richest soil in Holland is in the *polders* which were drained between 1610 and 1635; and much of Harlem's present prosperity rests upon a drainage project carried to completion in 1852. Active efforts to begin large-scale drainage have been carried on for fifty years; when Wilhelmina appointed C. Lely, engineer of the Zuyder Zee Committee, Minister of Waterstaat in 1913 the project seemed under way; but the war delayed the beginning until 1920. Fifteen years' work lies ahead before the new land will be under cultivation; and before that happens the Government will have a new fiscal problem on its hands. It will have to compensate some thousands of fishermen who have hitherto found their livelihood catching the herring and anchovy that loved the tepid, brackish waters of the Zuyder Zee.

THE DANGER OF THE AUTOMOBILE as a projectile is recognized. But while we are still discussing what to do about it a new menace is developing which may presently appear as equally or more serious. With the increasing number of motor cars the air on narrow streets is becoming so vitiated and so charged with the poison of carbon monoxide that physicians are beginning to appreciate the danger to health even if the general public is apathetic. And on top of this comes a probable new danger in the addition of tetra-ethyl lead to gasoline in order to prevent engines from knocking. In an article by Mary Ross in the issue of November 26, 1924, *The Nation* discussed the menace to workers engaged in making tetra-ethyl lead and quoted Dr. Yandell Henderson, professor of applied physiology in Yale University, as stating that the exhaust from gasoline mixed with this chemical was harmful to health. Dr. Henderson has lately taken an even stronger position before the American Society of Safety Engineers and the International Safety Council. He declares that lead poisoning on a large scale is likely to result from the rapidly increasing use of the new compound and he attacks as inadequate the extenuating report of the federal Bureau of Mines. He cites Dr. David Edsall, dean of the Harvard Medical School, and Professor C. K. Drinker of the Harvard School of Public Health, as also criticizing the report. New York City forbids the use of leaded gasoline, and other localities should follow suit. We should not wait until the evil has become entrenched to fight it. Present testimony justifies a ban on the mixture pending a conclusive demonstration that fear of it is unfounded.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN seems bent upon advertising the achievements of a young man whose talents make advertising quite superfluous. G. D. Eaton acquired fame in 1922 as author of an attack, published in the *Smart Set*, on the university of which he was still an undergraduate. He became more famous when in the fall of the same year he wrote an article in the *Michigan Daily* objecting to the late war in general and to history professors in particular; he was forced to resign as literary editor of the paper, and his writings and his very name were banned permanently from the columns of the college publications. He started a paper of his own, the *Tempest*,

through which he continued to belabor the local autocrats; and he achieved final fame by refusing to attend his own commencement and declining membership in Phi Beta Kappa because he considered the academic standing of his university too low. The university insisted, however, upon graduating "with high distinction" this terror of the campus, and probably hoped for peace. But his ghost was not so easily laid. He wrote a novel; it was published early this spring; it was reviewed at length in the *Michigan Daily*, and Mr. Eaton's career was also reviewed. The university authorities, like the State Department, keep their old laws in reserve on the statute books. They produced the ruling banning G. D. Eaton's name from college publications, and, though the horrid name slipped in again, as a notice announcing large local sales of his book, a second warning from the faculty head of student publications has finally banished it. But we have no doubt, though the *Michigan Daily* cannot tell us so, that the college authorities have managed to increase Mr. Eaton's fame and the sale of his book still further.

THE ANNUAL PULITZER PRIZES in letters continue to be administered with what is on the whole good judgment. Criticism of the awards for 1924 is as unnecessary as it would be pointless, though it may be worth while to note that a committee which had to choose between Sidney Howard's play "They Knew What They Wanted" and Eugene O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms," and chose the former, was on very difficult ground. There can be no doubt that E. A. Robinson's "The Man Who Died Twice" was the best poem of the year, though Edgar Lee Masters's "New Spoon River Anthology" must have come in for consideration. Edna Ferber's novel, "So Big," won over Edith Wharton's "Old New York," Joseph Hergesheimer's "Balsam," Laurence Stallings's "Plumes," and W. E. Woodward's "Lottery." M. A. DeWolfe Howe's biography of Barrett Wendell was found to teach "patriotic and unselfish service" more clearly than Herbert Croly's "Willard Straight" did. Frederick Logan Paxson's "History of the American Frontier" undoubtedly was the outstanding volume of American history. Doubtless we shall come more and more to regret the strings which Joseph Pulitzer tied to the tails of some of his prizes. Phrases about "the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners" and "the educational value and power of the stage" may prove troublesome if committees take them too literally as forces affecting a choice. But the danger of a literal-minded committee seems still to be remote.

BUSY LITTLE WILBUR, the hero of Mr. Holbrook's tale, Let's Help the Kiddies, in last week's *Nation*, is busier than ever. Think of Boys' Week in two thousand cities and twenty-eight countries! Every hour of every day scheduled full of special church services, parades, physical tests and contests, and heart-to-heart talks with Mother about Wilbur's future! For one day Wilbur is Acting Mayor; for another he runs the stock exchange and various businesses. We have not heard of any doctors turning their practice over to Wilbur and his playmates; or of boy substitutes for electrical engineers, big-league pitchers, or bricklayers. These jobs are too hard. Only politics and business, the implication is, can safely be run by amateurs.

Bulgaria Explodes

PREMIER TSANKOFF'S declaration that his Government will root out the Bulgarian Communists if they have to be killed to the last man will doubtless be applauded by our American Fascists and the several European dictators who rule by violence. The kind of American who believes in locking up anybody whose opinions differ from his own must have exclaimed when he read that statement from Sofia: "That's the stuff." Americans ought, however, to realize that shouldering all the responsibility on the Communists is simply a lie manufactured for consumption abroad. It is the easiest thing in the world for a government like the Bulgarian and for its police to condemn a revolt by declaring it "entirely Communistic." They know that the specter of bolshevism is the very one with which to curry favor with the Allies: Tsankoff has already used it with such success that the Council of Ambassadors has made the ghastly mistake of granting him an additional military force of 7,000 men. That there are bloody-handed communistic elements in Bulgaria is certainly true, but, as we have already pointed out, the uprising in Bulgaria is primarily not a communist, but an agrarian movement. Eighty per cent of the Bulgarian population consists of peasants, and peasants who own their own land are notoriously impervious to Communist propaganda.

Pitiless bloodshed has been the rule in Bulgaria for the last five years. Assassination has been common, and the victims have not all been members of the Government. Editors and public men who happened to be in opposition to the government of the hour have been shot down in the streets like mad dogs. Nor did Communists do the shooting; there was a reign of the assassin under Stambuliiski, the peasant leader, who was radical, "pacifist," and determined to execute the men responsible for plunging Bulgaria into the Balkan and World wars. He paid for his own acts, for he was shot while "attempting to escape." That ominous phrase has appeared in all the reports of governmental activities since the atrocious bomb explosion in the Sofia Cathedral by which some 200 people were murdered. It is a convenient mask for the deliberate killing of people by the police, who can thus remove anybody they see fit and avoid the bother of inquiry and trial of those whom they suspect.

There can be no defense for the cathedral explosion. Wholesale slaughter of that kind is beyond description base. It is only just, however, to point out that the three members of the British Parliament who happened to be in Sofia investigating the atrocities that had been going on prior to the explosion have declared that "having talked to a great many people on all sides, we reached the conclusion that the cathedral outrage, however abominable and deplorable, was a direct result of the terroristic and tyrannical methods of the Tsankoff Government ever since its coming into power." That is the simple truth. Terrorism has bred terrorism in Bulgaria; murder murders and massacre massacre. Inevitably this means slaughter of the innocent as well as of the guilty. These Englishmen saw men sent to execution without even a question being asked of them. At a time like that everybody vents private grudges and the lust of blood seems to possess every man who has been given authority. As in Hungary and Germany and

Russia, the Whites have been bloodier than the Reds, and despite that have not succeeded in establishing peace or happiness in any of the countries in which they have obtained control.

How dangerous the situation is appears from the fact that Tsankoff in his fury has already deeply offended two of his neighbors, the Russians and the Yugoslavs. His wholesale unloading of responsibility for the uprising upon Moscow naturally brought an outraged and impressive reply, and Serbia threatened war for insults to her Minister. We are aware, of course, that all sorts of documents incriminating the Soviets have been discovered and their substance cabled to this country. That impresses us not at all; any police headquarters in the Balkans could manufacture quantities of such evidence in a day, precisely as the Austrian misrulers of Italy in the days of Cavour used to manufacture the evidence upon which they convicted the Italian Irredentists who had sworn to free Italy from her foreign yoke. Bulgaria today ought not to be inviting the enmity of Russia, nor that of her neighbor Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia's dangerously militaristic government would not be altogether averse to an opportunity to invade Bulgaria in the "interests of civilization" and of "restoring order." Why Premier Tsankoff should have allowed his Minister of the Interior, Rousseff, to assert that the cathedral conspiracy was engineered from the Yugoslav Embassy is not to be explained. It was playing with dynamite, and the world knows all too well what mischief can be wrought by dynamite in the Balkans. One might have hoped that the Allied Powers would have learned something of the danger of Balkan armies; instead their first act was to aggravate the situation by authorizing an increase in Tsankoff's army.

Most important of all is the fact that the explosion in Bulgaria is another direct result of the madness of Versailles. If violence begets violence, wrongdoing, whether it is by the smug, hypocritical victors in a World War, or by tyrannical mid-European governments, begets wrongdoing. The same utterly mistaken policy was pursued at Paris in connection with Bulgaria which has delivered Hungary to the tyranny of Horthy, and has made Russia the enemy instead of the friend of the European nations. Bulgaria was stripped of her power, and her boundaries were redrawn as the Allies willed; then she was ridden almost to death by one Allied commission after the other interfering in almost every governmental activity. The Allies, as usual, made no effort to support liberal tendencies and to help establish a really democratic form of government. The war for democracy over, democracy went on the scrap-heap, while Yugoslavia was encouraged in a course of swashbuckling militarism which makes it extremely easy for the visitor to Belgrade to fancy himself back in the Berlin of 1913. In Yugoslavia, too, they are on the road to self-destruction. There, too, they are suppressing minorities, locking up the leaders of the opposition, depriving great sections of the populace of their votes and of their representatives in Parliament, and generally pursuing a course of repression which can have only one result—more bloody upheavals. Thus do the sins of Versailles revenge themselves upon their authors. They called it a peace, but Europe remains a wilderness.

President Hindenburg

PAUL VON BENECKENDORF UND HINDENBURG is the second President of the German Republic. From Fritz Ebert, saddler's apprentice, to the old field marshal who fought through the Austro-Prussian and the Franco-Prussian wars and had been put on the retired list before the World War built his reputation, marks the change in Germany from the revolutionary days of 1918-1919 to the stubborn bitterness of 1925—a change of spirit for which Allied stupidity is largely responsible.

Hindenburg is seventy-seven—just Clemenceau's age at the time of the Peace Conference. But he lacks Clemenceau's alert mind and restless energy. After the battles in the Masurian lake country at the outset of the struggle, in which, fighting in his home terrain, he won the most decisive battles of the war, Hindenburg apparently did not play the dominant role in the generalship of the Great War. Ludendorff was the active figure; Hindenburg was the almost magic idol, the symbol in whom the Germans put their trust. That barbaric wooden statue of the stern figure erected in the Siegesallee in Berlin was symbolic. There was something strangely suggestive of a Norse war god in it; and hundreds of thousands of Germans paid for the curious privilege of driving a nail in the great block just as others paid to light candles in the churches. When the war ended the Kaiser and Ludendorff fled; Hindenburg stayed, pledged allegiance to the *de facto* Government (which in no way conflicted with his sentimental devotion to his hereditary monarch), and took up the placid life of a retired old German. He played no part in politics; he had scant interest in politics; and he earnestly besought the Nationalists who asked him to become a candidate for the Presidency to let him live out his days in peace and retirement. It was Tirpitz's personal plea, telling the old man that he alone could unite Germany, that brought him out of his retreat. Even so, he made but one speech in the campaign; he had no desire for oratory, and his supporters knew that he would campaign best as a silent symbol.

That one speech was banal enough. In it, and in answer to reporters' questions, he insisted that he was not a political candidate, but stood for a united Germany. Time alone, he said, would tell whether the Dawes Plan was capable of fulfilment. He made no issues; he stood on his tradition. And the tradition won.

Even so he will be a minority president. According to the German law the presidential election takes place in two stages. If no candidate wins a majority of the votes at the first election, a second vote is taken, and the leader in this poll wins, whether he has a majority or not. At the first vote, on March 31, the three republican groups (Socialists, Democrats, Centrists) combined had 13,234,490 votes; the Conservative party groups (Fascist, Nationalist, Bavarian People's, and People's parties) had 11,674,342 votes; the Communists had 1,869,553. For the second vote the Republicans united upon former Chancellor Marx—an excellent man but not a striking personality, who suffered from two handicaps: he was a Catholic, which prejudiced much of Protestant Germany against him; and his name was Marx, which made the rather ignorant and bitterly anti-socialist Bavarian peasants suspect him. The Conservatives gave up their previous candidate, Dr. Jarres, and united upon Hindenburg. The Communists stood by Thael-

mann. An enormous vote was cast at the second polling on April 26. If as large a proportion of the American electorate had voted last November we would have cast 48 million votes instead of 29. The Communists gained slightly, polling 1,931,000 votes; the Republican bloc gained half a million votes, totaling 13,760,000; but Hindenburg's bloc gained three million votes; and, with 14,648,000 out of 30 million votes, he was elected.

Upon internal German policy he will have no great effect. The German President has less power than our own, although with a sympathetic Cabinet he can do much under the emergency provisions of the constitution. The Cabinet, however, is responsible to the Reichstag, and the Reichstag still has a Republican majority. Nor was the total Hindenburg vote anti-Republican; it was rather a sentimental response to a personal appeal than a wish to change the form of the state. But his was, of course, a victory won by the groups that want a return to monarchy.

Upon international relations the effect of Hindenburg's election is sure to be unfortunate. It will be assumed to mean more than it does. In France it will fortify the reactionaries; and it will delay Chamberlain's hopes for a genuinely European security plan. In the United States it will check the readiness to invest in German securities. This question of the effect upon foreign nations played an unfortunate part in the German election. His opponents stressed foreign opinion; they insisted that Hindenburg's election would mean a veto upon further American credits. Such a campaign was bound to fail. Germany's voters will no longer vote as they believe the Allies think they should; and they ought not to make their choice for such a reason. But that they followed the ancient habit of republics and selected a general for a statesman's difficult task is an act which they are sure to regret. Like other countries, they will have to learn by experience.

Thomas Huxley and the Victorian Mind

MAY 4 this year marks the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Henry Huxley, who might well stand as a typical example of the greatness and the limitations of the Victorian mind. Remembered today chiefly as the man whose persistent clarity and eloquence completed the work of Darwin by giving general currency to the theory of evolution, he was set off from both his predecessors and those who followed him by distinguishing traits of mind and character. To understand him is to understand in a large measure the relation of his generation to modern thought.

Huxley's great contribution was his absolutely uncompromising insistence upon the value of all truth. In every age before his the progress of knowledge had been impeded to a greater or less extent by the principle, almost universally held, that there were kinds of knowledge which were dangerous and "upsetting," and that the first question to be put to the propounder of a new philosophy or a new principle in science was not "How completely can you prove it true?" but rather "Is its general tendency one to support or to attack the accepted systems of theology or ethics?" Even Newton had felt constrained to discuss the relationship of his most abstruse mathematical discoveries to the

body of Christian evidence, and in general there lingered on in an attenuated form the medieval tendency to test knowledge by authority rather than authority by knowledge.

It so happened, however, that the most important scientific discovery of the nineteenth century constituted a direct challenge to this principle. Not without some show of reason the enemies of the theory of evolution argued that whether true or false it could do no good. Not only did it seem to strike through religion at the moral foundation of society but it seemed also to be telling mankind what at least twenty-five hundred years of ethical teaching had been trying to make him forget—namely, that he is an animal. Huxley records the fact that he received many letters from well-meaning people who urged him, whatever his own convictions might be, to hesitate before he attempted to give general currency to a doctrine so dangerous.

The moment for a definitive decision had come. Should knowledge be considered as the means whereby people were led to believe the things which it was good for them to believe, or should truth be made a deity to be worshiped without question, even though we do not know whether her face be fair or foul? The decision was one which it was not easy for Huxley to make. On the whole a conservative in moral and social questions, he had no revolutionary ax to grind. He hated disorder, but finally, and not without difficulty, he enunciated his creed: "We must sit down before Nature like a little child or else we shall learn nothing. We must follow her no matter to what black abyss she may seem to lead." It was the first time that a popular teacher had clearly and succinctly formulated that modern creed which has as its fundamental tenet the belief that there is no principle so firmly established by tradition, authority, or revelation that it may not need to be modified by knowledge, and it was the first time that such a one had boldly affirmed that if nature held fatal secrets we had best know them. As another great Victorian, Arthur Hugh Clough, phrased it in a couplet:

It satisfies my soul to know
That though I perish, Truth is so.

Thus Huxley spoke for the leaders of the intellectual movement of his time, but he never transcended its limitations. He shared to the full that unbounded optimism which is, after all, the thing which most clearly distinguished the Victorian age from the age which succeeded it, and, fundamentally, he had no fear that life might present unresolvable discords. Society, he believed, would be gradually perfected by the improvement of machinery and natural knowledge; ultimately, he thought, education would convince all of the practical value of conventional morality. Hoping and believing that science and rationalism would not fundamentally modify either the social or ethical system in which he had been brought up, he never dreamed of the developments which were impending. However great he was, he remained essentially a spokesman of his age. His attempt to consider the relationship between evolution and morality was singularly unimportant, for it arrived at the conclusion that the doctrine which he had spent his life in expounding had no bearing upon ethics. Freud and Nietzsche, to take two outstanding examples, built upon the foundation which he had helped to establish, but he would never have understood the point of view or sympathized with the aims of either. In his hand he held an implement which was to destroy far more than the mythology of Genesis, but he hoped that it would never be applied.

The Code of the Sea

LOSS of human life, always a tragedy, is doubly so when witnessed by other human beings helpless to do anything but look on. It is this which makes especially pitiful the sinking of the Japanese cargo steamship *Raifuku Maru* with her crew of thirty-eight while the White Star liner *Homeric* stood by vainly trying to get into a position where she could be of assistance.

In regard to statements made by a number of responsible passengers on the *Homeric* that Captain Roberts did not do everything possible in the situation we express no opinion except that he should ask for an inquiry by the British Board of Trade to establish the facts.

Captain Roberts had life-boats ready to launch and would have lowered them, in spite of the doubt that they could have lived in the breaking seas, had he seen any men to save. But he insists that all life disappeared with the ship. On this point some of the passengers, including Amos Pinchot, emphatically disagree, saying that they saw men struggling and swimming. Another point made is that the captain should have loosed some rafts or life-buoys for the Japanese sailors to cling to. Finally, Captain Roberts is criticized for steaming away almost immediately after the *Raifuku Maru* went down.

It is annoying to see the disposition in some quarters to dismiss the protesting passengers as hysterical ignoramus or publicity seekers. They are neither; and in order to maintain the fine code of help and sacrifice that prevails at sea we need to preserve just such alert and courageous—even if sometimes mistaken—criticism. No one has more to gain from the interest of the layman in the code and the practice of the sea than has the professional sailor. Nowadays incorporated capital tends to be the dictator at sea as well as ashore. The pressure upon officers for fast passages and no wasted time is insistent. Speed and luxury receive more attention in many shipping offices than safety or the chivalry of the sea. It took the loss of the *Titanic* with about 1,500 souls in 1912, and the storm of lay protest that followed, to have ocean liners adequately equipped with boats. When this giant liner, almost blasphemously heralded as an "unsinkable ship," was ripped asunder on her maiden trip by an iceberg probably everybody aboard could have been saved—for the sea was notably calm—had there not been a criminal shortage of boats. Soon after, nearly every maritime country took measures to see that its ships were properly equipped with boats and other life-saving apparatus, but even so there was little instruction in their use, even for the crew, until the World War. Then the losses from submarines led to boat drills for both crew and passengers. Since then, unfortunately, laxity has again developed.

In the matter of safe speed it is doubtful if we profited much from the *Titanic* disaster. We now have an international ice patrol, a direct result of that loss, which has reduced the danger from icebergs, but our fast liners still rush through fog at a rate dangerous to them and still more so to fishing and other smaller craft in their path.

The code of the sea is a fine and genuine product of civilization. It is international law enforced without armies and largely without governmental agencies of any sort. Landsmen and seamen should guard it jealously as a joint heritage.

The Americans Wouldn't Compromise!

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

AT the final session of the Opium Conference in Geneva the president, Mr. Zahle, made the most of the few advances that had been achieved. But one realized that the outcome of this "humanitarian" effort to stop poisoning for profit was that both poisoning and profit would go on as usual; and that the most powerful upholder of this system was Great Britain.

Some excuse, naturally, has to be found for this awkward situation. It is the fault of the United States! It appears that the United States came to this conference determined to force its own ideas down others' throats. The American instructions, say the apologists, were so rigid and unyielding that compromise was impossible. Moreover, they assert, they were written by Mr. Porter himself and only incidentally passed by Congress.

Now, in heaven's name, what are "instructions"? And was America the only nation to come to the conference so shackled? The truth is every nation arrived with a fine batch of instructions, equally rigid, equally inelastic, and, like ours, admitting of no compromise. The only difference was that theirs were secret. And they were the exact reverse of our own. And we came to realize as we bumped into them, piecemeal, here and there, that we were bumping into a stone wall of the tightest, with spikes across the top. If these invisible "instructions" of England, let us say—or Holland or Portugal—could have been put into words and given an airing, they would have read something like this: Protect the opium trade at all hazards. Do nothing to disturb the continued use of opium-smoking and eating in our Far Eastern colonies. The Hague Convention be blowed. Play up opium production in China for all it's worth, and make our solemn international covenant of the Hague, by which in 1912 we agreed to "gradually and effectively suppress the use of smoking-opium," into a thing of the past. Make our carrying out of the Hague agreement depend entirely on China's behavior, and we'll see to it that China goes from bad to worse. After all, what are foreign concessions for, in China, if not to facilitate smuggling into and out of a country? And don't touch production. Production is the key to the situation. And when it comes to drugs, the manufactured products, such as cocaine and morphia and heroin, don't cramp the factory. Set up no factory control worth the name, for the factory is the bottle-neck of the drug business; so don't cork it. Make it as difficult as you like for a person to buy a grain of heroin, but don't hamper an "authorized person" from buying a ton from time to time as he pleases.

America would not compromise, they said. All inter-

national agreements are built up of compromise. But we, stiff-necked and little used to the ways of high international politics, did not understand compromise and would have none of it. We displayed an amazing stubbornness in insisting that production be cut down to strict medical needs and in insisting that all other use was an abuse and not necessary. True, the United States had presented this point of view before, in Geneva in May, 1923, and it had later been accepted by the Council and the Assembly. But when we came to an international conference still harping on the same string—that was different.

And Mr. Porter further displayed amazing stubbornness about that old Hague treaty, which calls for the gradual abolition of smoking-opium. He wanted to know when they were going to begin this suppression—and when they would complete it. He suggested ten years as a period in which this might be accomplished; later he raised it to fifteen years, to start three years hence. This certainly was a concession or compromise, almost doubling his original time limit. But he was very keen on pinning them down to a time limit and knowing just when (if ever) they intended to live up to their obligations incurred some thirteen years before. Moreover, he said there was no reason why they should make their beginning conditional or contingent upon the action of a disordered country like China. The Hague covenant had contained no such proviso. Further, it might be a great

inducement to China to mend her ways if she could see other countries honestly trying to suppress smoking. But it was no good. Those hard and fast yet invisible instructions under which the other countries were working offered a stumbling block which was insurmountable.

Lord Cecil came to the conference under orders as binding and inflexible as those which governed his predecessor, Sir Malcolm Delavigne. And of the same kind—protect the opium interests. He complained that the "Geneva atmosphere" was lacking. And so it was—and well it might be. If the "Geneva atmosphere" means throwing overboard your principles, anything for agreement, that atmosphere was certainly lacking. If the "Geneva atmosphere" means compromise for the sake of international accord; if it means chucking the object you are out to attain; if it means betrayal of the thing you must not betray—then the atmosphere was certainly lacking. For Mr. Porter had no intention of doing any of these things. Lord Cecil apparently could not understand why anyone should feel so strongly on a moral issue—so strongly that the air of Geneva was really polluted with that intensity. But there it was. The American delegation felt like that, and it spoiled the serene air



Drawing by Roth

*The Father Eternal to Lord Robert Cecil:
"Who sent you to Geneva to defend this [the
opium] system?"*

of polite compromise that might have reigned instead.

Yes, Mr. Porter had his instructions and upheld them. And the British and others had their instructions and upheld them. They were perpetually referring to them in such remarks as "My Government has not authorized that"; "My Government has not given me power to do this"; or "That exceeds what my Government intended." It was simply a clash between two opposing points of view. And the most powerful side, i. e., financial interests, won.

So we left. And, in heaven's name, why not? We were out to end the opium traffic and the others were out to uphold it. Three months' wrangling had not taken us an inch. For two months we had been waiting humbly, hat in hand, begging to have our proposals even discussed. But the conference was not "competent." Finally a committee was patched up, consisting of the eight countries that had composed the First (or smoking) Conference, together with eight countries from the Second Conference. For several days they discussed the American suggestion that the Hague Convention be lived up to and opium-smoking suppressed within a definite time limit. But this effort failed. And its failure was coincident with the failure to limit production to medical needs only, over which another committee had been squabbling for two months. The simultaneous blowing up of these two committees was the last straw, since these are two fundamental matters which must be settled before any adequate constructive work can be done. No wonder we left! And it was a proud day when we did! We were defeated, but we went down to defeat with the flag flying. No compromise. There are certain things you cannot compromise, and principle is one. Details, yes. How the thing shall be done, yes. But whether a thing shall be done or left undone—and when that thing means poisoning people for profit—no compromise there!

There were mixed feelings when the American delegation withdrew. Considerable dismay, also considerable relief. The "obstructionists" had gone. There was a feeling that now they could get down to brass tacks. Those that were left had the responsibility of drawing up a drug convention, presumably to check the illicit traffic in drugs. It was quite a task to make this present a decent front to the world, seeing that the keystone to the arch, reduction of production, was lacking. The most optimistic regard this convention as a 40 per cent advance on the existing order. Let it go at that. It all depends on how it is handled. If it is administered in the same spirit that ruled at Geneva during those four sordid months, it will be worthless.

In the first place, factory control is lacking. Any "authorized person" may buy a ton of heroin. True, he can only export it on a government certificate. Legally, in the country of purchase, he can only sell it in dribblets to pharmacies, hospitals, and the like—which doesn't pay. But illegally? What checks are there against illegal distribution, once he has obtained it? And how easy to obtain! An attempt was made to have this "authorized person" put up a bond as surety that he would not dispose of this dangerous, valuable commodity in any illicit manner—a bond so large that illicit profits would become insignificant and offer no temptation. Had this measure been accepted it would have killed 98 per cent of the illegal traffic, according to the representative of a great drug firm who was at Geneva. Therefore, quite naturally, this drastic proposal found no place in the convention. "Instructions" of some sort obviously intervened. All that remains to show that this pro-

posal was contemplated is to be found in the Final Act, Paragraph IV: "The conference draws attention to the advisability in certain cases of requiring dealers who are licensed by the government to trade in the substances covered by the convention to deposit or give sureties for a sum of money sufficient to serve as an effective guaranty against their engaging in illicit traffic."

A recommendation of this sort is known in diplomatic language as a *vœu*, or pious wish. What international diplomacy would do without these *vœux* it is hard to imagine. Whenever they get in a tight place, or wish to do a nasty thing, and have every intention of doing it, too, they throw off a *vœu*. After which they proceed to business.

The convention sets up a Board of International Control, whose functions are to watch the trend of world traffic—to watch the flow, from one country to another, of heroin, morphia, cocaine, and other substances. This board seems rather at large in space, not specially accountable to any one, and with no power. Figures are to be supplied to it every three months by the various governments, showing how much in the way of drugs they receive and export, but these figures are not to be published except once a year. The Swiss representative frankly said that if there was any attempt to publish these figures oftener, his government would refuse to supply them. And the British representative said that "it was not desirable that those statistics should be immediately communicated to the governments, for the simple reason that the statistics, if they became public, might give information as to the course of trade in a particular country, *the markets which a particular country was engaged in developing*, or in which it was selling its goods—information which might be useful to the competitors of the merchants of that country. . . . If such information were to be made public at once, and to act to the prejudice of the traders in any particular country, naturally that would go a long way to *destroy the general confidence in the work and powers of the board.*"

This sentence seems singularly sinister and ominous. What markets, save illicit ones, require this protection? And is it the traders who are engaged in developing these markets who might lose confidence in the board—or the general public?

Well, there sits the Board of International Control, or will as soon as ten countries ratify the convention. The object of collecting these statistics is to see which countries are accumulating excessive stocks, and may thereby become a center of illicit distribution. But "it shall not be within the competence of the board to question or to express any opinion on the amounts imported or purchased for government purposes or the use thereof." Presumably if any country is importing too much, the board may say tut-tut. But who minds being tut-tutted to among friends?

Yes, all the delegates to this Opium Conference came with instructions, and they lived up to them. The Swiss delegate (Switzerland is the open door through which most of the continental drug trade flows) had as his personal adviser the head of one of the great Swiss drug firms, who sat next to him during the sessions. This was a trifle brazen—the others were more careful. But the financial interests were in the saddle during these long months at Geneva, and their instructions were adamant—no yielding on any vital issue. Vested interests, colonial and otherwise, held sway and dictated the policies of the nations. It was only America that was hampered by instructions!

A City Without a Main Street

By JOHN W. OWENS

THE District of Columbia, like the mule, has neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity. No founding fathers, as President Harding used to say, moved hardily to the banks of the Potomac, conquered the wilderness, wrung a living plus an increasing surplus from nature, and fashioned their own traditions and standards for the families they reared and established. And Washington, which is the District of Columbia, walking in pride and a certain glory, has no dream today of perpetuating itself through the generations. It has no dream of something that it alone created and is like nothing else, and that it would have reproduced in faithful recurrence fifty years hence, one hundred years hence—something that its own struggles have worked into its warp and woof, something that gives it separateness and distinction as of its own right.

To the north, east, and west lies Maryland; to the south lies Virginia. Maryland is Maryland, and its people are Marylanders; Virginia is Virginia, and its people are Virginians. If in pregnant hours a call goes forth to the sons of Maryland or Virginia there is raised a spiritual panorama in which these men perceive the manner of men their forebears were. The wells of tradition are stirred, and the dreams men weave for their children become realities to be preserved and protected.

But such a call to the men of the District, tucked away between Maryland and Virginia, raises no panorama of the past, stirs no traditions, vitalizes no peculiar dreams of a people for its posterity. For the man of the District is a wayfarer and sojourns in a tavern. His yesterday was spent in another clime. His tomorrow, as expressed in the future of his children, he hopes will be spent in another clime, unless he be of that minority which sets soft living above achievement in the theory of what is good. He lives in social and economic suspension.

The explanation of this unnatural state of being is simple. About a century and a quarter ago the federal government needed an area about ten miles square in which to place its capital and administrative seat. Maryland and Virginia ceded the land. The small section south of the Potomac was returned to Virginia within a few years. In the area remaining, named the District of Columbia—a gaudy title when one stops to think—the federal government set about the creation of a community wholly dependent upon it and wholly subservient to it.

The District was to be a capital city and nothing else, at once the tool and the jewel of the ambitious new nation. Here the tradesman, then swiftly strengthening his claim to position, was confined to his ancient part of standing and waiting, denied encouragement to increase his substance or to expand his life. Here the industrialist of a later day, endowed with so large a share of the creative genius of the country, was viewed askance. Life and growth in the District were to be in predestined grooves. Nothing was wanted or welcomed that did not supplement or complement the pedestaled official existence. The normal life of an aspiring, variegated American community was taboo.

Inevitably, the people of the District became a people without roots. They could not plant themselves deeper than

the topsoil. The gusty winds of political ambition or self-interest, or the cleaner winds of genuine patriotism, blew them in; they lodged on the surface a little time and plucked bravely at the soil; but long before penetration could be effected the winds had completed their circuit and were back, bearing new human plants and ruthlessly forcing the old to make way. So it has been and so it will be.

Washington has been denied the most priceless of human values, most priceless because with it all other values may be realized and without it all others may be lost—it has been denied the value that exists in the right to dig in and build a roof-tree. In that right families attain security, learn independence, and bring about the interplay and interdevelopment of code and character. In that right families aggregate into communities that possess treasures as imperishable as man may hope to hold. The right has been denied to Washington not alone in the artificiality of its design; equally it has been denied in an adverse process of selection of population. Government-created, government-developed, it has repelled the constructive, independence-seeking type of men, and has been a magnet to the opposite type. It is the haven of the congenital hired man, through the practical workings of the representative system of government. That system is the best we know, but inevitably sucks into office a vast army of men of the lower grades of spirit.

We may see that clearly today, and I suspect that it always might have been seen. Every man who knows politics knows that the genuinely proud men interested in public affairs and in government seldom go to Congress or even into administrative offices. The men who go are the order takers. It may be that they take their orders from the popular will. It may be that they take their orders from some selfish clique. It may be that they take good orders; and it may be that they take bad orders. But they take orders, and they are men for whom there is no diminution in the formal honor of high office if it be attained by subserviency, either to mass will or to clique will. The men of erect spirit stay at home. If they are of generous mold, they help mightily in fashioning a mass will that gives orders for the common weal. If they are of selfish mold, they help in building powerful cliques that give orders for the benefit of classes. There they stop. They can neither bring themselves to kneel, ear to ground, to catch the first rumble of the mass voice, nor bring themselves to respond when wires are pulled. The exceptions, the men big enough to hold office by mastering and guiding the mass mind or by overcoming the wirepullers, are one in a hundred.

Take our present Senate. Borah, the progressive, may be classed as one of the exceptions. So may Underwood, the conservative, and Glass of Virginia, the Wilsonian Democrat. There are a few others. In the House the percentage is no higher. And it is to be observed that of the men who have served in the executive department within a generation the three who most conspicuously played their parts in the spirit of mastery—Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Wilson—all reached the White House by short cuts; they had little or no service in the bowing and scraping lesser

grades of public life. Indeed, Wilson, the most truly imperious and masterful of the three, had been but two years in the public service when he entered the White House. Such a type as Wilson could never have reached the White House through the gradual stages of political preferment as did McKinley, Harding, and Coolidge. Either he would have been flung on the scrap-heap as a nuisance of stubbornness or his will would have been broken and he would not have been Wilson.

Not such as they, but the order-taking, favor-hunting, favor-doing, ear-to-the-ground products of the representative system constitute the nucleus of the population brought into the city of government. And surrounding this nucleus is the horde of less fortunate players of the same breed in the game of politics. In the early days this army of hangers-on and job-seekers was a somewhat picturesque lot, petty in its values, but moved by love of excitement and encounter. In time, the classified civil service was instituted to abolish the worst abuses practiced by and for these little politicians. In its operation as a selective process of humans, the new system substituted the seeker after small security for the seeker after small adventure. The instances in which this is not true—they will come to mind at once: the fine and devoted specialists to be found in the despised bureaucracy, Heaven's fools who serve some splendid idea without appreciation and often without comfortable living, and the ambitious women who turned years ago to the government service because the doors of private enterprise were closed—these instances do not affect the rule. The enormous majority is content to be fitted into trivial niches for life.

The two classes—the political representatives, or more accurately the political agents, and the army of regimented employees—are fringed by another class with which they have natural affinity; the paid courtiers of myriad industries, interests, groups, and classes back in the country which wish the government to do or not to do specific things. Big and little, they are in Washington by the thousands, minding the business and running the errands of forthright doers who spend their days many miles from Washington. It matters not whom these courtiers serve. They may work for the anti-prohibitionists or for the militant churches; for tariff barons or for farmers; for railroads and mines or for labor; for capitalism or for socialism. It makes no difference. Under the skin these Washington hired men are the same. Their business is to be agreeable, to mold and twist themselves into readiness for insertion into any situation. Making friends is their trade. The driving, purposeful, self-sustaining man of the railroads, the farms, the churches, or what not, rarely takes the Washington representation of his interest. And more rarely does he remain.

And these classes plus the idle rich who come to exchange their gilded hospitality for admittance into official society are Washington. Tropic soil for the "get next" philosophy—that is the real Washington, the real District of Columbia, precisely as industrialism is the real life of Pennsylvania and agrarianism is the real life of Kansas. The bar, so influential in molding the character of many communities, is in Washington merged in an overwhelming degree into the life of officialdom and the courtier fringe of officialdom. There are fine and able lawyers who devote themselves to their profession in a rigid manner, but they are not the eye-filling lawyers of Washington. The eye-filling lawyers often were in public life a little while ago,

and are the kind of men who always are on excellent and intimate terms with important figures in public life.

Business men are on like footing. A few are a part of the real Washington. The majority mind their own business during office hours, and beyond that might as well be in Philadelphia or Atlanta. Their story is revealed by the Jewish proprietor of a department store who commutes to Baltimore, forty miles away. So with the newspapers. The *Star* is part of the real Washington, and it would almost as soon dynamite its fine new building as attack an important public official. The balance of the press is not of Washington. Part is Hearst, and that part could be moved bodily to any other city without causing a wrinkle. Another part is Scripps, and the same is true of it. Another part is McLean, and that part is McLean. Such, in fact, is the story wherever one turns in Washington.

Obviously, such a community is an elusive shadow. Subjectively, it is unreal, for the people who form and shape its life are not themselves; they are always other people who live somewhere else. Nor is Washington objectively real. It creates nothing, its material barrenness being matched by its cultural barrenness. The percentage of formally educated, traveled, sophisticated people, possessed of strong cultural tints, is unusually high. But Washington's own genuine contributions to literature, to music, to art in any form are small. Forget the contributions that somehow find their way out of New York and Chicago with their noisy, discordant millions. Compare the contributions of Washington, save those of transients, with those of San Francisco or Boston, denatured as both have become.

Even Main Street, nowhere more derided than in Washington, is superior in the realities of life and effort. Her factories may be ghastly, her shops tawdry, her houses gingerbread, her people fried-suppered, and her aesthetics infantile. Nevertheless, she is what she is, and by the grace of God she fights her way to her own peculiar destiny—living, thinking, feeling, as her own intelligence, experience, and taste may direct; she is the treasurer of verities, of values in which are the germ of growth. Main Street is true. But Washington, holding herself the elect, is and may be only a quivering fluid, a veritable Reuben among communities in the instability of its life, producing nothing, having nothing, meaning nothing—not here yesterday, gone tomorrow, seeking the fulness of life between suns.

Well, I have preached my little sermon. Now let me to my little confession. I would rather live in Washington than in any other place in this country. When my children are older perhaps I shall pull up and go to some place where there are fewer people who sport in the froth, and more people who take raw, ugly things and painfully fashion them into useful or beautiful things. But until I am, say, at the half-century mark, let me have Washington. A dance is a pleasanter place than a factory or a laboratory or a study; conforming travelers of the broad path are easier on their fellows' elbows than angular men of ideas and purposes. Here in Washington the human tides roll up gently from the ends of the earth, and mingle in a life in which prickly ideas are soaped over with polite customs and conventions. These tides bring color, atmosphere, cosmopolitanism, and a certain debonair spirit of chance which are pleasant to feel, and convey an agreeable measure of stimulation. In Washington the procession of all things that are American may be seen and felt—from the painted and befeathered real American, who may be glimpsed there occasionally to

better advantage than on distant reservations, to those individuals whose lineaments the newspapers have made familiar in millions of households. And there is a certain largeness of character and purpose expressed in, if not by, our national capital.

Here we find what has long been the loveliest of American cities—and growing apace in its charm. Here we discover the refutation of the elsewhere visible truth that our cities are ugly, utilitarian, and invariably attempting feebly and too late to change the mold in which the grim struggle for growth and power has cast them. In Washington we have our sole example of the planned city—laid out through the forethought of Washington and Jefferson, by the art and genius of Pierre Charles l'Enfant. If his landscaping has not been wholly conserved, if of late colonial mansions fragrant with important tradition have been swept away to make room for needlessly crowding departmental office buildings with but a tablet to hallow the vanished past, the consecration of the city to the things more akin to the spirit remains. Wide, radiating avenues, terminating in inspiring vistas; emerald jewels of squares, circles, and triangles at the intersections; a rambling park where nature is undefiled; an unspoiled waterfront. Spaciousness, leisure, and grace are here. It is as if the nation, like a family whose early days were spent in hardship, had planned to shield apart, to cherish espe-

cially one of its fairest daughters, a ward perhaps; to keep her from the moid of conflict, to lavish upon her the offerings of all the others. So Washington, undisfigured by the grime of factories and the huddle of industrial tenements, has become the altar upon which our people seek to lay the best expression of their aspirations. Everywhere new monuments to the many American cults, architecturally splendid, appropriate, representing the mellowed dignity and taste that come with achievement, are rising. Realizations, they are, and worthy ones of the memories and movements that make up the American heritage.

There stands the superb domed American Capitol—built from the rock of Virginia and Massachusetts—eternal reminder of the great national ideal. There in enduring stone soars the shaft that commemorates the father of our country. Facing it from afar, crystallized in the whitest of marble, shines the memorial to the preserver of the Union. National cathedrals in prospect; shrines of science in actuality; a great Masonic temple, a temple to typically American fellowship—before long every grouping in the land will be represented. So Washington, lacking its own epic, without its own vision, perhaps wanting its own soul, is becoming a concrete expression of the soul of America. Here is beauty, made by man, assembled by Americans as tokens of the civilization that is in far and near parts of these United States.

The Race Myth Crumbles

(The Seventh Article in the Series on The Nordic Myth)

By HARRY ELMER BARNES

More and more we are coming to recognize the fundamental importance of race in human affairs. . . . It is about the liveliest, most practical subject that can engage the attention of thinking men and women today. . . .

Especially do we need to regard the racial factor when considering Europe. . . . Whoever begins looking at Europe from the racial angle is astonished at the new light thrown upon its problems, at the apparent mysteries that are explained, at the former riddles that are solved. Europe's seemingly tangled history grows much simpler, while present-day conditions become more understandable.—
Lothrop Stoddard, 1925.

I

THE racial phobia of the last three-quarters of a century, which has reappeared with a new virulence since 1916, has based much of its dogmatism upon an appeal to pseudo-history. Hence, it is curious that the critics of this monstrosity have rarely made a systematic appeal to the facts of substantial history to refute the contentions of writers from Gobineau to Chamberlain and Grant. The origins of the race myth must unquestionably be sought in vestiges from the primitive aversion-complex exhibited toward strangers, symbolized by the old phrases of Jew and Gentile, and Greek and Barbarian. In its modern form it first took shape with the theory of the eighteenth-century Romanticists with respect to the reality and the dominating importance of national character as the basis and matrix of the culture and institutions of any country. It was given a particularly forceful statement by Fichte in his famous "Addresses to the German Nation" in 1807-1808, where he stated that perhaps the most precious element in the German heritage and culture lay in the German language or

Ursprache. The emphasis of Fichte and others upon the importance of language in national character helped to produce the enthusiasm which created the origins of modern scientific philology in the notable works of the brothers Grimm, Max Müller, and others.

These philological researches stimulated interest in the study of the languages and institutions of Europe and Asia. The establishment of a relationship between the Eur-Asiatic languages was due primarily to the work of Bopp, who published his "Comparative Grammar" in 1835. During the next generation much important work was done in the way of investigating the origins, migration, and affinities of these so-called "Aryan" languages. It soon came to be rather commonly maintained that a primordial Aryan race lay back of these linguistic similarities and identities. In fact, Max Müller himself, though he later repudiated this position, confirmed this popular impression by holding that the Aryan languages were spoken by an Aryan race, hence supporting the current popular view of the identity of language and race.

This false assumption of linguistic and racial unity would not by itself, however, have furnished the basis for the racial psychosis. What was needed was a vigorous statement of the cultural supremacy and historic mission of particular races. This indispensable impetus was supplied in the famous "Essay on the Inequality of the Human Races" by Count Joseph Arthur de Gobineau, published in 1854. He contended that practically all of the worth-while cultures of the human past had been the product of the white race, and that most of these significant civilizations had been specifically the work of the Aryan branch of this

superior white group. He also maintained that race mixture was a highly degenerating process. After Gobineau's time, therefore, it came to be regarded as a matter of great pride and significance to prove that one's nation was made up of the worthy Aryans.

At first this gave rise to relatively little nationalistic chauvinism in Europe because it was assumed that the broad similarities among the European languages, with the exception of Basque and certain of the Turanian dialects, meant that the overwhelming majority of all Europeans, within whatever national boundary, were thoroughbred Aryans. This benign illusion was, however, soon demolished by a number of Germanic writers, particularly J. G. Cuno (1871), Theodor Pöschke (1878), and Carl Penka (1883). These writers proved convincingly that the assumption of the identity between race and language was highly fallacious. A fairly well-unified race like the American Indians has more than a hundred distinct stock languages, while obviously different races may, due to cultural pressure and historic association, speak the same language. Hence it was apparent that not all Europeans were necessarily Aryans, and from the eighties onward there was a feverish effort on the part of writers in every state to prove themselves to be the only hundred per cent Aryans and their neighbors of inferior non-Aryan clay.

It has frequently been held that Teutonic writers were the only ones who succumbed to this fanaticism, but such a view is purely a product of modern propaganda. As an actual matter of fact, every state had its group of writers who interpreted national culture on the basis of racial superiority due to the Aryan heritage, England and France quite matching the Teutons in this respect. Such interpretations not only found expression in the obsessed writings of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Maurice Barrès, Rudyard Kipling, and other essayists, but also in the nationalistic historical literature which held a supreme place in historical writing until near the close of the nineteenth century, being represented by such works as those of Droysen, Treitschke, von Sybel, Michelet, Martin, Kemble, Stubbs, Freeman, and other writers who are only slightly less distinguished and widely read.

The Nordic myth is but a later variant of the Aryan myth. There is a direct line of descent from Gobineau to Madison Grant. Many "Gobineau societies" were founded in Germany and elsewhere in the last half of the nineteenth century. One of Gobineau's most enthusiastic disciples was a renegade Scotchman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, whose "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" marks the transition from Aryanism to Nordicism in Germany. His work was carried forward enthusiastically by Ludwig Woltmann. This eulogy of the Teutonic or Nordic type was introduced into America on the same level by Alfred P. Schultz, an open admirer of Gobineau, Chamberlain, and Woltmann, who published his "Race or Mongrel" in 1908. Madison Grant's "The Passing of the Great Race," which first appeared in 1916, was based upon the assumptions of the above works, but adopted a far more specific physical conception of the Nordic race, abandoning the rather loose and mystical attitude of Chamberlain. Grant's views have been adopted, debased, and disseminated in such works as Gould's "America: A Family Problem" and Burr's "America's Race Heritage," until now Mr. H. J. Eckenrode has offered a "serious" interpretation of the American Civil War which is based primarily upon the assumptions of Nordicism.

II

While this racial obsession was taking its most vigorous form, scientists were patiently assembling the data which were to reveal with pitiless thoroughness the fundamental inaccuracy of all of the assumptions which underlay the racial interpretation. An American student, W. Z. Ripley, built upon the researches of European scholars a comprehensive work on the races of Europe, which demolished the theory that there ever was any such thing as an Aryan race. The term Aryan was shown to be applicable, if at all, only to some linguistic traits common to certain peoples of Europe and Asia. Above all, Ripley, Sergi, and others demonstrated beyond any possible doubt that the Teutonic peoples certainly could not have been of Asiatic derivation and could not have been the original bearers of the Aryan languages and culture. If there is any such thing as a definite Aryan language and typical Aryan institutions, it is the consensus of the best anthropological opinion that they must have been brought into Europe by the round-headed Alpine or Eur-Asiatic race. In other words, the Nordics could not have been Aryans. The term "Indo-Germanic," used as descriptive of a unified race or culture, is thus a scientific absurdity in spite of the fact that it crops out in so recent an historical work as the third volume of "The Cambridge Medieval History." Indeed, it is still in common usage among many conventional historians, particularly Teutonic and English historians. It may be regarded as roughly accurate to use the term Indo-European as broadly descriptive of the Alpine race. It certainly cannot be used in any historical or scientific sense as referring to either the Mediterranean or the Nordic groups, and, hence, not as descriptive of all the leading races or cultures of ancient India and modern Europe.

When one turns to examine, in the light of the most rudimentary and self-evident facts of human history, the thesis that all the striking cultures and civilizations of the past have been a product of the Nordics, the whole structure of racialism immediately falls to the ground. The fallacies in a Nordic interpretation of the great cultures of antiquity were demonstrated at length in the convincing article of Professor J. J. Smertenko in the *Current History Magazine* for April, 1924. We here shall content ourselves with passing in review the chief historic civilizations and indicating the essentially non-Nordic basis which underlies almost every one of them.

All the leading civilizations of Oriental antiquity were, for practical purposes, one hundred per cent non-Nordic. The European heritage that came from Egypt and Western Asia, which has recently been so forcibly and clearly described by Professor Breasted, was absolutely devoid of any Nordic foundations. Further, we must revise the ordinary notion that the arena of human civilization has been limited to the area between the Tigris and the Thames. In most respects, aside from science and material culture, the civilizations of China and India may well be held to be more advanced and mature than those of the Occident. That they are of non-Nordic derivation would scarcely need to be pointed out even to Dr. Stoddard and Mr. Grant. The high civilization of the ancient Ægean was likewise a Mediterranean culture without any Nordic admixture whatever. To pass on to classical times, there was only the merest sprinkling of Nordics in the racial composition of ancient Greece and Italy, as Peake, Sergi, and Guiffrida-Ruggeri have amply demonstrated. Certainly, the Nordic element in classical

culture, if present at all, was sufficiently slight to be almost entirely negligible.

The highest culture of the Middle Ages was not to be found in Western Europe but in the Eastern or Greek Empire and among the Moslems of Northern Africa and Spain. The contrary view has become popular solely because of the grotesquely misleading nature of our conventional textbooks on medieval history, which concentrate their attention, almost without exception, upon the Christian culture of Northwestern Europe during the medieval period. The Moslem culture was, of course, entirely non-Nordic, and there was but a small Nordic minority among the peoples that maintained the Byzantine culture to the final conquest by the Turks in the middle of the fifteenth century. Even the civilization and institutions of medieval Europe in the West, as Jullian, Fustel, and others have proved during the last generation, took their departure, not from the crude and primitive Teutonic institutions of the Goths or Franks, but rather from the Nordic appropriation and assimilation of the Gallo-Romanic culture of Italy and Roman Gaul. Even in a political and military sense no strong case can be made for Nordic supremacy during the medieval period. The strongest national monarchies of the Middle Ages were those of France and England, while the Holy Roman Empire remained throughout the medieval era a loose and weak organization. We now know that medieval France was predominantly non-Nordic, and that the non-Nordic element was certainly as large as the Nordic in medieval England, which was not "swept clean" of the Celts during the Germanic invasions.

The facts of history constitute more of an indictment of the political ability of the Nordics than a demonstration of their unusual capacity in this field. The most striking political organizations of early modern Europe were the despotisms of Spain and Bourbon France, while the Central European and Scandinavian countries remained politically backward and loosely organized. The Germanic states continued as the "weak sister" in the political family of Europe down to the period of Bismarck's statesmanship following 1860. If one were to accept for a minute the thesis of the racial determination in politics, European history since the fall of the Roman Empire would constitute about as effective a case as one could hope to erect for the relative political incapacity of these very Nordics, whose unique political force and subtlety has been argued by the whole school of writers from Droysen and the Maurers to Stubbs, Freeman, Fiske, Herbert Baxter Adams, and Burgess. Of course, the sane historian will disregard the racial interpretation of political history as a whole, and understand that, in all probability, the political backwardness of Germany was caused by certain specific historical situations and accidents of an ecclesiastical, geographic, and economic type.

In the case of England and our own country the race myth has been that variant of the Nordic obsession known as the "Anglo-Saxon Myth." It was based essentially upon the contention that most of the unique political virtue of the Nordics migrated from Germany with the Angles, Saxons, Jutes, and Danes, and took up its abode among the Nordic immigrants to the British Isles, who were supposed to have cleared this area of the fickle and decadent Celts. The American version of the Anglo-Saxon myth contended that the best in the Anglo-Saxon political genius likewise left the British Isles during the period of the colonization of America. It came to fruition in the township government of

New England and, on a larger scale, in the Federal Republic established in 1787. The researches of physical anthropologists and cultural historians have demonstrated both the racial and institutional fallacies in this theory. England, after the Germanic conquests, remained certainly as much non-Nordic as Nordic. The United States has been from the colonial period a most mixed population. Finally, most of the institutions which are looked upon as primarily "Anglo-Saxon" were in few cases derived from Germany at all, but have been the result of the interaction of various historic forces and situations more or less uniquely English or American.

It is scarcely necessary to call attention to the manner in which the demonstrable racial mixture in the historic nations of Europe rules out as utterly impossible the thesis of the racial determination of European history. Even if we were to grant, for example, that the culture of Germany or the culture of France is unique and the product of a definite racial basis, shall we assign this culture, in the case of France, to the Nordics of the Northeast, the Alpines of the Central portion, or the Mediterraneans of the South; or, in the case of Germany, is her culture primarily the product of the Nordics in the North or the Alpines in the South? That there is no basis whatever for the assumption of Jewish racial unity or purity to give aid and comfort to either Zionists or anti-Semites was admirably shown by Professor Roland B. Dixon in the article which he contributed a couple of years back to *The Nation's* series on the Jewish problem. Even if we could feel sure, which we certainly cannot, that there is any important relationship between race and culture, the hopeless mixture of European races since the Neolithic period would, then, most assuredly brand as nonsense any attempt at a racial interpretation of the history of the various European states. This fact can probably best be driven home by a concrete illustration. There is no better one than the following summary by Karl Pearson of the racial heredity of Charles Darwin, long pointed to as physical and mentally a typical Englishman:

He is descended in four different lines from Irish kinglets; he is descended in as many lines from Scottish and Pictish kings. He has Manx blood. He claims descent in at least three lines from Alfred the Great, and so links up with Anglo-Saxon blood, but he links up also in several lines with Charlemagne and the Carolingians. He sprang also from the Saxon emperors of Germany, as well as from Barbarossa and the Hohenstaufens. He had Norwegian blood and much Norman blood. He had descent from the dukes of Bavaria, of Saxony, of Flanders, the princes of Savoy, and the kings of Italy. He had the blood in his veins of Franks, Alamans, Merovingians, Burgundians, and Longobards. He sprang in direct descent from the Hun rulers of Hungary and the Greek emperors of Constantinople. If I recollect rightly, Ivan the Terrible provides a Russian link. There is probably not one of the races of Europe concerned in folk-wanderings which has not had a share in the ancestry of Charles Darwin. If it has been possible in the case of one Englishman of this kind to show in a considerable number of lines how impure is his race, can we venture to assert that if the like knowledge were possible of attainment, we could expect greater purity of blood in any of his countrymen?

The next article in the series on The Nordic Myth, to appear in The Nation for May 20, will be Race Pride and Race Prejudice by Herbert Adolphus Miller.

A Censor's Centenary

By DOUGLAS BUSH

It certainly has been my wish, and it has been my study, to exclude from this publication whatever is unfit to be read aloud by a gentleman to a company of ladies. I can hardly imagine a more pleasing occupation for a winter's evening in the country than for a father to read one of Shakespeare's plays to his family circle. My object is to enable him to do so without incurring the danger of falling unawares among words and expressions which are of such a nature as to raise a blush on the cheek of modesty, or render it necessary for the reader to pause, and examine the sequel, before he proceeds further in the entertainment of the evening.

SO runs the most famous passage in one of the most famous works of the nineteenth century, "The Family Shakespeare. In Ten Volumes, in which nothing is added to the original text, but those words and expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a family. By Thomas Bowdler, Esq., F. R. S. & S. A."

In 1825, after completing, in spite of growing infirmities, a purified edition of Gibbon, Thomas Bowdler passed away from the wicked world of George IV. He was descended from a long line of Bowdlers who combined piety (free, in the best Anglican tradition, from "enthusiasm") with a literary faculty which, through various members of the family, had expressed itself in treatises on the church catechism, "on the question whether our Lord ate the Paschal Lamb on the night before He suffered," "Odes to Hope," "On the Death of Mr. Garrick" (in which last is contrasted the favor of God and the favor of the pit), essays on Resignation, "The Pleasures of Religion," "The Duties and Advantages of Affliction." Thomas Bowdler's elder brother John was a vigorous reformer who denounced the profanation of the Lord's Day by newspapers and stage coaches, urged the suppression of lotteries with an unexpectedly detailed knowledge of their fraudulent devices, and was a leader in the Society for the Suppression of Vice. He had published poems divine and moral, and indeed, says his nephew and biographer, "poetry had been at all times his delight"; he "was constantly quoting Shakespeare and Young." "My dear Madam," he once wrote, "I beg leave to return your book, for I cannot approve it. The author is plainly a Scotsman, and probably an Unitarian. . . ." "It is better," he used to say, "to decide wrong than not to decide at all"—the motto, surely, of all successful moral reformers.

So that Thomas came naturally by his religious principles and literary taste; to make him the Bowdler race had simply gathered its sweetness into a ball. He was in youth an ornament of Mrs. Montagu's sprightly and decorous circle, but, to quote the "Memoir" again, he "had imbibed an hereditary desire to be doing good; and happily the metropolis affords abundant opportunities of exercising benevolence." And he conceived the idea of "The Family Shakespeare." Bowdler was not a mere root-and-branch expurgator; he did not wantonly slash his text. "The most Sacred Word in our language is omitted in a great number of instances, in which it appeared as a mere expletive; and it is changed to the word Heaven, in a still greater number of instances, where the occasion of using it did not appear sufficiently serious to justify its employment." "I know the force of Shakespeare," he says, "and the weakness of my

own pen, too well, to think of attempting the smallest interpolation," although "a word that is less objectionable is sometimes substituted for a synonymous word that is improper."

It is pleasant to know that Mr. Bowdler's heavenly reward was to some degree anticipated in the immense sale of "The Family Shakespeare." In every household it lay on the drawing-room table beside the flowers in their glass case. And perhaps it did not irreparably cramp artistic freedom; one recalls the picture of that insatiable little red-haired reader clutching his well-worn Bowdler in the hand that was to write "Laus Veneris" and "Anactoria." One wonders how such a dauntless soul as Bowdler would confront the literature of our day; would even his energetic scissors falter in the task of preparing hearth-and-home editions of Mr. Joyce and Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Huxley? At any rate he contributed a word to the language that will live as long as Shakespeare's. It was soon after he died that the Young Girl rose in her majestic innocence and was officially recognized as the tenth and presiding muse of the next literary era, and, if chronology and morality permitted, it might be affirmed that she was the perfectly natural daughter of the Princess Victoria and Thomas Bowdler, Esq., F. R. S. & S. A.

In the Driftway

A FEW days ago the daughter of a certain judge received a mysterious package left at her house by an unknown messenger, which, on being opened, disclosed a diamond and emerald bracelet valued later by a jeweler as worth in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars. Efforts to discover the lavish donor were unsuccessful; the young woman could not keep the bracelet because her father was a public servant, and the gift might be a bribe or an improper reward for services rendered. What was to be done? For the Drifter, whose interest in diamond bracelets is slight, the problem would have been simple; for the young woman, whose father, a county judge, had, one supposes, supplied her with few such jewels, and whose taste for them was fairly intense, it was much more difficult. Possibly she came to regard the scruples which kept the gift from her as over-nice; later when the donor was at last revealed as a grateful client of her father's, she may have politely condemned the well-meant efforts that brought him to light.

* * * * *

LOOKING at the problem in its more general bearings, however, the Drifter is inclined to sympathize with the young woman. Why should not such presents be made, and kept? Surely gratitude for services could not be expressed in a more delicate way. If the gift seemed a little excessive, who can say what the services were? To his Honor they may have seemed slight; to the grateful recipient they may have meant years of his life, half his fortune, the regard of his family. Nobody complains when the White House is overwhelmed with the rush of Thanksgiving turkeys that are sent by honest citizens who have probably never seen the President, and who if they did see him would only receive a quick, perfunctory handshake, and be hustled on. If a flock of diamond bracelets descended instead, a hue and cry would arise; the bracelets would be sent back to the donors, or, if they were anonymous, be

sold and the proceeds given to the deserving poor. The Drifter finds an inconsistency in this; what has pecuniary value to do with a gift? Where is the line beyond which a gift becomes an insult instead of an act of grace? If a turkey, costing twenty dollars, is a compliment, why is not a bracelet, costing fifty times as much, fifty times as great a compliment?

* * * * *

IN America, this calls for legislation. The Drifter himself will introduce the bill, sponsor it, vote for it, sign it if necessary. It will provide that any generous person of any race, color, age, sex, height, or weight, minded to make any gift ditto to any other person ditto, shall be encouraged in the process, and that no suspicion shall thereby be attached to giver, gift, or receiver. The Drifter will add an amendment to the bill, however. It will read: "In making gifts to Drifters, please omit diamond bracelets, turkeys, radio sets, steam yachts, grand pianos, wrist watches, seeds, stiff collars, and black bags not containing at least one hundred thousand dollars."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Defense of the Senate

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should have written you sometime ago of my appreciation of your article in *The Nation* on the Senate. It is as timely as it is forceful. I wish in some way it could be given a wider circulation. That there is a purpose to reduce the American Congress to the humiliating position of the Roman Senate in the days of the decline of the Empire can scarcely be doubted by any reflecting reader. The struggle to control the government by the malefactors of great wealth and others richer than any man ought to be, who, though conscientious, get views on public questions highly colored by their own interests, is incessant. When they cannot control the Executive, the Congress is extolled as the bulwark of our liberties. When the President is sympathetic or acquiescent, every effort is made to reduce the Congress to subserviency. It is, as you say, an old story. There probably never has been a time in our history when the Congress was not abused by some class which found itself unable to control the action of the national legislature.

Washington, April 6

T. J. WALSH,
Senator from Montana

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was high time that someone did justice to the present-day Senate—its tasks, its capacity, and its devotion. The systematic depreciation of Congress in general and the Senate in particular is one of the most effective ways of creating an atmosphere extremely harmful to progressive purpose.

Cambridge, Mass., March 31

FELIX FRANKFURTER

The Control of Opium—and Liquor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With great disappointment I have read that *The Nation* has swallowed the whole beautiful America-as-the-sentimental-hero opium conference story. Many who are well informed would have thought that your observation that most of this propaganda emanates from the same sickening sources as the news about the wonderful effects of prohibition would have made you at least suspicious in regard to this matter.

American prohibition—as everyone knows—is threatened not only with a deplorable situation of non-enforcement but still more perniciously with a great increase in the consumption of drugs of many varieties. It is clear that those who are responsible for the prohibition laws are therefore very much interested in international regulation of the drug traffic. It is also clear that the group which represented the United States in this matter thought in terms of prohibition.

And it is—to my mind—equally clear and understandable that the rest of the world, in view of the evident failure of that policy in the country of those who proposed it, were slow in accepting it as the basis of a world agreement. Add to this the fact that this was the first real effort of America to cooperate through the League, and that its delegates bore themselves as virtual dictators with an air about their proposals of "Take them or we leave!" and the reason for the failure will be clear.

Both the first Geneva conference, which concerned itself with opium, and the second, which dealt with drugs in general, made progress. No startling general prohibition resulted, but that would have been impractical and a failure through the development of another variety of international "bootlegging." But the machinery for control and judicial treatment was improved. The system of certificates and licenses for export was thoroughly discussed and incorporated in the agreement.

A final term of fifteen years was fixed within which consumption must be reduced to cases in which it is medically necessary. It was also decided to make the opium conferences periodical; the next one will have to take place before 1929.

These results are not all that they might be. More might have been accomplished had not America deserted the liberal forces in the last hours. But even as they stand, the accomplishments of this conference will bring the nations which have been backward in this respect up to the standard of the most modern ones. Holland has seen the control system which exists in its colonies adopted by the other colonial Powers. That it is effective is proved by the reduction in the Dutch colonial revenue from this source for 1923 to twenty million guilders as compared with the figures for 1920 and 1921 (38 millions).

New York, April 7

HARRY D. GIDEONSE

A "Non-Nordic Maniac"?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If there is anything less sensible than a Nordic Maniac it is a non-Nordic Maniac.

Most of the readers of *The Nation* are quite well aware that Lothrop Stoddard and Madison Grant are the outstanding examples of the failure of higher education to instil the scientific attitude of the mind. The Nordic Myth is a delusion of grandeur, but it has been preceded by other non-Nordic delusions of grandeur such as the "Pax Romana" and the empire of Alexander. No doubt the Nordic Myth will follow in the footsteps of its predecessors.

In his article in *The Nation* of March 18 Mr. Bercovici sets up the Gipsies as a pattern for the civilized world on the strength of their "happiness." The gist of the article seems to be contained in the sentence "Civilization, intelligence, is a capacity for happiness—the amount of laughter, love, and joy in life one is capable of." It ought to read just as well if it was turned around: "Happiness is a capacity for civilization and intelligence." It sounds like a cross-word puzzle; in fact, I think it is one of the world's worst sentences. It is exactly the kind of loose, unscientific, high-sounding generalization that Mr. Bercovici objects to from the Nordics. Intelligence, and by that I presume he means intelligence above the average, is a biological inheritance of certain factors which at maturity produce a brain capable of grasping a situation, drawing a correct conclusion, and acting upon that conclusion more rapidly and efficiently than the average member of the community. Civilization is a product of that intelligence ap-

plied to the art of living in large groups. Happiness (the Gipsy variety) is largely a matter of temperament, which is also inherited and has no more to do with intelligence than the inheritance of a mole on the back of the neck. The biological truth is probably that the reason why Gipsies dance and sing is because having a common ancestry, that ancestry is characterized by a jovial temperament. The only other explanation for their kind of happiness is that not having much to do they have to kill time.

As for their fecundity, the time is approaching, whether we wish it or not, when fecundity will be considered anything but a virtue; and to bring more children into the world than can be properly fitted for the complexities of modern life will be a sin both against the child and against society. We would all like to have life as simple as the Gipsies think it is (according to Mr. Bercovici), but that day is past in the United States and in the world for the most part. We, who are living today, must accept the world as it is before we can hope to change it for the better. Among the things we must accept is that men are not born equal, Nordics and non-Nordics alike. Another condition which we must accept is that the world is not going to get better by wishing for it nor by spending all of our days dancing in the dusty road. My happiness is to try to leave the world a better place for my children to live in. And while I am doing that I can be just as happy helping my boys build a camp-fire in the woods, stalk birds with a field glass and bugs with a magnifying glass, as any Gipsy singing his evening song.

I recommend to Mr. Bercovici "Christianity and the Race Problem" by J. H. Oldham. He will find the Nordic Myth exploded by a so-called Nordic in a calm and scientific manner.

Tulsa, Oklahoma, March 17

CLARENCE R. LONG

Are We as Bad as That?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Who of your readers would guess the opinion of the League of Nations, for example, of the socialist labor movement of Europe? I have spent a great deal of time in Europe since 1921. After eighteen months' continuous study I found, to my surprise, that these millions of people do support the League of Nations as their only hope for a way out of the present chaos and for preventing future wars. You must know that this is also the view of the democrats or left liberals of Europe. All of these people contemplate making changes in the League, but they support it as a beginning.

Because of the appalling ignorance that prevails in this country regarding the League it is almost impossible to have an intelligent conversation on this subject. And yet what a tremendous amount of thinking is being done in Europe on this subject by people who have the same position there as the progressives here! Are you not to blame to a large extent for these wrong ideas that prevail here? I was so uninformed regarding all these matters when I went to Europe as a result of reading continually *The Nation* that it took me eighteen months of very hard work to get myself straightened out.

Chicago, April 18

LYDIA M. SCHMIDT

A Subscriber for Over Fifty Years

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

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Possession

By IRWIN EDMAN

I never shall possess you; kisses, words,
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Touch you and flutter off, as frightened birds
Rest lightly on a bough, and fly away.
So many privacies your mind has stored
In the cool secret self that lies below
Your grace and laughter; always I have poured
Libations to a god I could not know.
What is this thirst to seize you utterly,
This hunger to become your conqueror?
There is your voice to hear, your face to see,
These are sufficient music, flame and stir.
Yet while the flame leaps and the music flows,
I cry for the glory that they half disclose.

First Glance

THE intimately autobiographical portions of Alfred Kreymborg's "Troubadour" (Boni and Liveright: \$3) are uninteresting. The author's boyhood in New York seems to have had little to distinguish it, either as picture or as narrative, and the three love affairs that bulk so largely in the body of the book lack all the elements which might have made them dramatic, or even real. It is obvious that Mr. Kreymborg at forty was not old enough to see his life in anything like artistic perspective, for when he is not remembering too much here he is creating too little, and he never of himself becomes a person who is indispensable to the tale. Neither is one convinced that the author of "Mushrooms," "Blood of Things," "Plays for Merry Andrews," and "Less Lonely" needed to produce a volume explaining how those books came into being. The mere fact that an autobiography is premature by no means dooms it, of course, to failure. There is "Upstream," there is "Tramping on Life," and there is "A Story Teller's Story." "Troubadour," however, amply proves the practice to have hazards.

As a matter of fact, "Troubadour" is very far from being a failure by and large. If its hero has little to say for himself, he has much to say about the persons he has met; and he has met almost everybody. Portions of his book will be valuable some day for the same reason that they are interesting now; they contain what is probably a unique record of an important literary generation. This was the generation of restless and radical intelligences which did so much to make over American literature between, say, 1910 and 1920. The generation still flourishes, but the early work which it did is at last susceptible to survey, and Mr. Kreymborg gives the survey. In the history of the decade which eventually will be written many of the names here mentioned will drop out, and certain general tendencies will grow clearer. Yet that historian, working at a distance, may well envy Mr. Kreymborg his acquaintance with these people; and if he knows his business he will preserve all he can of the troubadour's gentle, warm affection for his fellows. For I have slighted Mr. Kreymborg's personality as it appears in these generous pages.

After all it is a good deal in such a book to have written with understanding and so to have avoided the meaningless malice which renders most literary documents of the kind not only ugly but valueless.

Mr. Kreymborg met so many people because he always, apparently, was at the center of things. When Greenwich Village was a center he was there, so that his life throughout one period becomes its history. As director in one capacity or another of the periodicals *Musical Advance*, *The Glebe*, *Others*, and *Broom* he touched hands with dozens of musicians, painters, and poets—particularly poets. As playwright and producer with The Provincetown Players and The Other Players he entered still another circle filled with names that now are magical; he caught more reputations on the rise. And whenever circumstances failed to throw in his way a writer whom he admired he went on purpose to see him, gathering material before he returned for the row of portraits which he now paints with so knowing a hand. If "Troubadour" survives as nothing else it must survive for its sketches—not lacking in humor—of Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, Lola Ridge, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, E. A. Robinson, Harriet Monroe, Wallace Stevens, Maxwell Bodenheim, Marianne Moore, and William Carlos Williams. Of such—and indeed merely of such—have some of the richest of autobiographies been composed.

— MARK VAN DOREN

The Last Cry of Romance

Barren Ground. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.50.

THIS is the best of many excellent books by Ellen Glasgow. I record the statement after a lengthy and reminiscitory appraisal of the list of its fifteen predecessors. And in considering this list, I am surprised by two quite casually allied phenomena. One is the startling approach to completeness, presented by these books as a whole, of Ellen Glasgow's portrayal of all social and economic Virginia since the War Between the States. The other is the startling announcement, upon the dust jacket of this new book, that "with 'Barren Ground' realism at last crosses the Potomac."

Now, upon dust jackets, of course, wild statements appear as common as cardinal virtues in a cemetery. Yet this particular statement, when advanced, or at any rate countenanced, by the firm which for some twenty-five years has been publishing Miss Glasgow's novels, arouses the troubled suspicion that Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company have been regarding, all the while, these books as pleasant little tales of the one sort—still to quote from this dust jacket—which, before the appearance of "Barren Ground," had ever been written about the South, as "a land of colonels, old mansions, and delicate romance."

Eventually, however, every author, I reflect, must learn, with time and much vexation, how handily the pranks of publishers may be compared with the axiomatic peace of God. I therefore dismiss the problem tacitly. And, no matter what her publishers may assert, I reflect also, here, in these sixteen books, is Ellen Glasgow's picture of present-day Virginia; and here is the vast panorama of, upon the whole, futility. The land of Ellen Glasgow's birth and nurture, the land which she has so consummately depicted, has always been, in her interpreting, an unmistakably barren ground, howsoever pleasantly diversified in some places by the dejected relics of yesterday—"the colonels and the old mansions"—and in other

places by the sort of perennial vaticinatory rose-coloring of Virginia's future which only out-and-out pessimists (I hope) would describe as "delicate romance." Meanwhile, it is plain enough that for the deciduous aristocracy of the commonwealth which most often and appallingly figures in oratory as a cornerstone and a guiding star and a cradle, Miss Glasgow has, in the double-edged phrase, "no use" except as bijouterie. The virtues, the really highbred vices, and the graces of the unhorsed Virginian Cavaliers survive a bit pathetically their heyday, and very nicely serve her turn: so, for their ornamental qualities she cherishes and at need extols them, with the peculiar and perturbing amiability of a past mistress in the art of parenthetical malice. And the one element of high-flown "romance" detectable in Ellen Glasgow's books is so far from being outmoded that it remains always, after a fashion which I shall later indicate, quite actually the *dernier cri*.

And meanwhile also, in "Barren Ground," we have a hint of what I take to have been Miss Glasgow's philosophy, all through so many books, in regard to the best-thought-of constituents of "romance." This latest novel is the story of Dorinda Oakley, born in Virginia of the tenant farmer class, and getting, somehow, through a life in which the traditional ardors and anguishes simply do not ever ascend to their advertised poignancy. Love comes to you, and for the while it is well enough: but, to the other side—when that also comes about—being by this later Jason cast for the role of a forsaken and unwed Medea, after the customary childish souvenir of the faithless lover is already en route, proves not intolerable. You marry by and by somebody else, because you like this middle-aged Nathan Pedlar well enough; and when your husband in due season dies it makes astonishingly slight difference. Yet other wooers come, and pass out of your living, and some of them are well enough; but none of them really matters. Later you preserve from the almshouse your first collaborator in amour, who technically "ruined" you; and you permit him to die as a dependent upon your charity; and you are conscious of neither complacency nor sorrow, but merely feel, with a sort of incurious resignation, that the affair has turned out well enough.

No one of these material and "romantic" accidents, you find, at all poignantly matters. And when Dorinda Pedlar, a woman who has succeeded in life, a widely wooed but a convinced and contented widow, and an ever-busy and prosperous landholder now in her own right, stands at the side of her first lover's yet open grave, we encounter the pregnant passage which I abridge:

Out of the whirling chaos in her mind, Jason's face emerged; and, dissolving as quickly as it had formed, it reappeared as the face of Nathan, and vanished again to assume the features of Richard Burch, of Bob Ellgood, and of every man she had ever known closely or remotely in her life. They meant nothing. They had no significance, these dissolving faces. Yet as thick and fast as dead leaves they whirled and danced there, disappearing and reassembling in the vacancy of her thoughts, as faces, ghosts, dreams, and regrets; as old vibrations that were incomplete; as unconscious impulses which had never quivered into being; as all the things that she might have known, and had never known in her life.

Now, that, the exact may protest, is here presented by Miss Glasgow, not as a philosophy, but as the Dorinda puppet's transitory state of mind. Nevertheless, you will find, I think, that a great many of Miss Glasgow's protagonists—and all her later ones, I am sure—reach very much this identical state of mind not far from the end of the particular book in which each of them figures. The things which ought, by every rule of tradition, to have mattered most poignantly have in reality meant nothing.

Not that Ellen Glasgow, any more than life, permits any person to remain in this state of mind. It is this "point" I

have been approaching; it is upon this "point" I would dwell, after having found an inspection of Miss Glasgow's final paragraphs to be rather strikingly revelatory. Thus in "The Builders" Caroline Meade is left facing a peculiarly ambiguous outlook, uplifted by her perception—which the prosaic could only have interpreted, at that hour and location, as a sign of somebody's house having caught fire in Chesterfield County—that "beyond the meadows and the river light was shining on the far horizon." In "Life and Gabriella" the much battered Mrs. Fowler is joyously departing, with her most recently acquired lover, "anywhere—toward the future." In yet another book, the green grass of oncoming spring is, to I forget whom, already visible among the melting snows: elsewhere, the earth's rotation has thoughtfully provided a new day, and the beloved is coming, in the last clause of the last sentence and the sunlight of a remarkably fine dawn. Thus, in book upon book, does Ellen Glasgow—after, to phrase it mildly, evincing no parsimony in supplying her characters with trials and defeats and losses—yet end upon this note of indicating her puppets' unshaken faith in an immediately impending future wherein everything will come out rather more than all right. It is the exact and the very truthful note of what I have already alluded to as the last, and indeed the expiring, cry of romance.

Just so the Dorinda Pedlar of this most recent book eventually retains—about six pages after the depressing reflections which I have epitomized—her firm, her explicit, and her inexplicable plenitude, that "the best of life was yet to come" and that "the understanding soul can never remain desolate" so long—one gathers from a colorful poetic passage—as the rural scenery of Virginia stays picturesque. For Miss Glasgow, you perceive, knows the bipedal fauna of her chosen hunting ground far too well either to boggle over the circumstance that they, toward fifty, do occasionally glimpse the truth as to their personal experience with "romance" or to omit recording the more generally significant fact that, having done so, they with haste and admirable good sense resort to narcotics in the form of fairy stories about tomorrow. Miss Glasgow knows that, after all imaginable trials and defeats and losses, life does, illogically and relentlessly, fill the battered human machine with fresh optimism, very much as when, at more palpable filling stations, fresh gasoline is pumped into an automobile, and the machine is thus kept going. And that Ellen Glasgow should so emphasize, at the conclusion of almost every one of her books, this especial human foible rather than others, you may, if you like, regard as her punctilious oblation before the fetish of the happy ending. But I elect to see in it only the final flick as the ironist dismisses her sport.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Medicine, Religion, and Culture

Medicine, Magic and Religion. By W. H. R. Rivers. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

The Origin of Magic and Religion. By W. J. Perry. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

THE late W. H. R. Rivers was one of the few great men who are human enough to have good friends and keep them. To these we now owe the welcome publication of such of his works as were but partially completed when an untimely death carried him off. "Medicine, Magic and Religion" is edited by G. Elliot Smith, with whom Rivers was closely associated during the last years of his life.

In the first two chapters Rivers points out the various relations into which purely secular medicinal practices may enter with magic and religion. He also notes how the methods used by primitives in their cures of disease, while strange to us, are yet the logical outcome of the etiology and pathology of the disease as conceived by the natives. Thus if the sickness is caused by an indwelling spirit the cure consists in

exorcising the spirit, but if the sickness is due to the projection into the body of the patient of some material substance, such as quartz crystals, then the cure takes the form of one method or another of extracting the substance from the body.

Chapter III is of greater theoretical interest. There the author points out that had he written the book some years earlier he would have been satisfied to regard the similarities in the treatment of disease among different peoples as due to the general comparability of the mental attitudes of primitives coupled with the similarity in the bodily conditions involved in disease. This interpretation, Rivers continues, he must now reject in view of the significance of the processes of cultural diffusion and degeneration which were under-estimated or disregarded by the evolutionists.

In its general form this position of the author will meet with the assent of all critical students. In the concrete application of his theoretical premise, however, Rivers is led to views which arouse doubt and disagreement. When he is confronted, for instance, with the question whether the widespread practices of blood-letting, massage, and vapor baths can be accounted for by the assumption of repeated independent invention, he answers in the negative, noting in support of his attitude that the English have acquired the practices of bleeding and counter-irritation from the Greeks or Arabs, massage from the French, and vapor baths from the Turks and Russians. If the English civilization "did not of itself suffice" to teach us these arts, how can the much cruder cultures of Africa, Asia, Oceania, and America be credited with the achievement? But Rivers forgets that progress not merely rests on the past but is glued to it. Where many alternative devices are available, this fact in itself operates against the invention of a new one. To proclaim the complexity of the historic process is one thing, to introduce a particular form of complexity where the facts argue for simplicity is another.

By and large, however, Rivers was satisfied "to move forward step by step and to consolidate the gains," leaving it to Perry to "make the broad generalizations and the big advance." These are now before us in Perry's book on "The Origin of Magic and Religion." In Chapter I, dealing with The Beginnings, the author remarks that "the study of human society has been vitiated in the past by the application of unrestrained speculation to matters that were often capable of easy verification; and the uncritical habit has worked infinite damage to thought, leading to the practice of inventing explanations of facts, instead of inquiring strictly into the real meaning of these facts. . . . Once events are ranged in their historical sequence, the facts soon begin to tell their own story, and speculation can be laid on one side as unnecessary."

This sounds consoling. But one may be permitted to ask: How are the facts to be ranged in their historical sequence when the known events are discontinuous and chronology is uncertain? Perry's book is at least one answer. His thesis turns out to be that religion and magic, even unto their minutest particulars, arose only where they were implanted by The Children of the Sun. Quartz, for example, so frequently used in magical therapeutics, owes its prominence to the fact that "quartz is the matrix of gold"; and it is gold that The Children of the Sun were after. Again, the cowrie shell was one of the great "life givers" of the Upper Palaeolithic, and it came to be represented in the form of the "Great Mother." And "Once the conception of a Great Mother had arisen, Religion was in the making. . . ."

As civilization became more complex the Great Mother acquired new characteristics. She became a potter goddess, a snake goddess, etc. Then "for some reason some of these variations of the Great Mother changed their sex and became gods." Much good but also many evils came from this source. Warfare, for example, was not natural to mankind, but it is only "from the practice of offering slaves as human sacrifices instead of the King that the custom of warfare evidently developed, and ruling groups have gradually educated themselves in the

practice of fighting. It is found in Sumer, that when the mother goddess came to be associated with heavenly bodies, she developed warlike qualities, which suggests that the doctrine of the Heliopolitans (Children of the Sun) was spreading."

Space does not permit me to pursue The Children of the Sun any further. But I will say, in conclusion, that the Elliot Smith-Perry episode in ethnology (for such, I trust, it will remain) engenders a pessimistic outlook as to the possibility of a continuous advance in the history of thought. A sad spectacle this, to behold the theory of diffusion—which but yesterday saved us from the clutches of a rampant evolutionism—becoming hidebound in its turn, with a messianic display of assurance, moreover, which leaves far behind anything the evolutionists have perpetrated in this line.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

In Business for the Lord

The Romantic Rise of a Great American. By Russell H. Conwell. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

MR. CONWELL, already notorious as an inspirational lecturer and writer, gently disarms criticism and violates grammar in his opening sentence: "My task is not writing a biography, but to tell the story of my friend John Wanamaker, whose business was intended to be a daily benefaction, and whose amazing success was in itself a benediction on the rising generation."

For 225 pages Mr. Conwell warbles on. "It is a joy," he avers in the first chapter, "to write the biography of so instructive, encouraging, and lovable a life. Let us go to it . . ."—and then he goes to it with astonishing energy. In fact, he is so thoroughly in sympathy with his subject that he seems at times to imitate Wanamaker's euphuistic style: "All along the path he trod, he left wisdom's fruits and brilliant flowers of kindness and religion which we shall find to be more helpful to those of us who follow than they were to him." As everyone knows, Mr. Wanamaker wrote daily editorial gems which occupied a conspicuous place in his advertisements—gems of such enduring luster that, after his death, they were daily reprinted and are indeed still doing business at the old stand. He wrote, it now appears, more than 5,000 of them; more than that, he "wrote every one himself." Those who have read them will hardly question the truth of that statement. The artistic spirit was so strong in Wanamaker that he sometimes destroyed such of his inspired utterances as were not conceived in a fine enough frenzy. "I must have torn up a thousand or more of these pieces of mine which were not worth printing," he once sighed. "My conscience won't let me take people's time to read some of the things I write." His conscience, however, seems not to have bothered him at all when he scribbled this specimen, which the reviewer once joyfully clipped and stored away for future use: "A row of books on the shelf in the room where you sit the most is far better than an ornamental mirror where you only see yourself when using it. . . . A small set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica on thin paper with clear type, if carefully studied, would be an education for the man who is unable to travel. Prove it for yourself; buy it with deferred payments if you like."

As a narrator of the obvious, as a pointer of shop-worn morals, and as a screamingly amusing encomiast, Mr. Conwell is a genius of formidable proportions. There is hardly a single observation in his book that rises even to the level of the commonplace. At the end there appears this sentence: "His life presents an almost miraculous balancing of religious faith and accurate business methods," in which the author builded far better than he knew. The contents are so unbelievably crude and maudlin, and the style is so preposterously bad, that the success of the book seems assured.

R. F. DIBBLE

Jewish History for Laymen

Stranger than Fiction. By Lewis Browne. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

ONCE in a while during the peaceful pursuit of our daily affairs it happens that we are struck with a sudden desire for knowledge upon some strange and distant subject. We read in the papers that the Turkish Government has ordered all foreign embassies to leave Constantinople and remove themselves and their household goods to Angora. "Ah, yes," we say, "that wonderful city on the Golden Horn with its palaces and churches, its memories of thousands of years of Empire! We must brush up our Byzantine history." Or again, some one has tried to follow the tracks of Leif Ericsson and his little boat has just been sunk off the coast of Labrador. It brings back the vision of that strange Norse kingdom which stretched from Trondjhem to Revere Beach and we promise ourselves that we shall spend the next Sunday reading a history of Norway. Full of confidence we approach the Temple of Ancient Woodpulp. But search as we may, the catalogue refuses to divulge a single book upon our own particular subject. The building contains four million books, but just exactly what we want to read about the Byzantines and the Square Heads is not there.

For years I have tried to discover a short and concise history of the Jews. I never was able to find one. Either the volume dealt with the ancient Hebrews and repeated many strange and fabulous yarns which I had learned in childhood and which came to an abrupt end just as they were beginning to interest me, in the first century of our era, or it dealt with "Die Juden in Russland" or the Jewish emancipation in England or some equally disjointed subject.

I do not envy Lewis Browne. This book will make a cannibalistic holiday for the man-eating Gelehrten who devote their time to the records of this ancient and illustrious race and who cannot see the alphabet for the iota. But as a mere layman I am deeply grateful that Browne has taken the trouble to hack a clear and direct path through the tangle of three thousand years of accumulated Talmudic underbrush.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Books in Brief

Wild Marriage. By B. H. Lehman. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

The yield per acre of college fiction has begun to diminish; the undergraduate soil—not too fertile to begin with—shows signs of exhaustion. Mr. Lehman manages to harvest a fair crop of wild oats, and that is about all. It required two generations to plant it, and much hoeing of the weeds of puritanism to bring it off successfully.

Under the Leves. By E. Sparling. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

These tales of the underworld of New Orleans reveal a new writer with unmistakable gifts. They are unfolded swiftly and sympathetically, and sharpened with irony. In mood they range from the tender to the tragic, but the note is never forced. Mr. Sparling possesses a sense of style which he wisely refrains from using as a plaything, making it instead definitely subservient to his purpose as a story-teller.

Backfurrow. By G. D. Eaton. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

Life in terms of the plow, the poolroom, and the Saturday night "drunk" has been set down in uncompromising terms in these pages. If there are any vestiges of glamor still clinging to farm life, Mr. Eaton has made it his business to dispel them. He drives home his intention with a high degree of effectiveness; the routine of hiring out, of chores, of petty gossip, of drudgery punctuated with drunkenness is recorded with stubborn skill, in narrative as unadorned as a cowshed, yet with indubitable strength and sincerity.

Music and Musicians. By L. J. De Bekker. Nicholas L. Brown. \$6.

A Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians. General Editor, A. Eaglefield-Hull. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$12.

It is axiomatic that the most desirable quality for any dictionary of music and musicians must be accuracy. The non-biographical articles—with a margin for reasonable difference where opinion enters the lists—attain in general that desideratum. But the facts of biography—of musical biography above all!—have to be disentangled from such a festive masque of fantasy and deliberate mystification that often the only solution would seem a drastic companion volume of commentary and correction, and a companion volume to the companion volume, and so on *ad infinitum*. Another problem for the makers of such books as we are considering is that of selection from a bewildering mass of material and the just apportionment of space. A biographical dictionary of musicians published in the city of New York as recently as 1919 makes no mention of Charles T. Griffes, while it devotes half a column to the triumphant career of a singer the acme of whose real achievement was the impersonating at the Metropolitan Opera House of a minor character in "Carmen," though the Metropolitan roles during a single season set forth by name for this imaginative artist are nine of those commonly denominated "first parts"! This is merely an extreme case of a common malady. The two books before us give evidence of unusually intelligent and painstaking preparation. The biographical articles in the Eaglefield-Hull dictionary show in particular the gratifying results of conscientious research. The De Bekker book is, all things considered, astonishingly comprehensive, and one of its features which readers are sure to appreciate is a summary of the plot and a brief catalogue of the chief musical divisions of a large number of operas.

"Pelléas et Mélisande"

By PITTS SANBORN

WELCOME as the production of "Pelléas et Mélisande" by the Metropolitan Opera Company unquestionably was, nothing can be gained for art or manners by exaggerating the importance of the event. When "Pelléas" was introduced to New York on February 19, 1908, at Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, the case was different. The opera had not yet completed the sixth year of its age. Difficulty of performance was deemed so great that only two or three theaters outside of the Paris Opéra Comique had as yet attempted a production. (Compare the case of "Tristan und Isolde," abandoned after more than fifty rehearsals as "unsingable" at the Vienna Imperial Opera, in 1863; only performed in Munich two years later because a "mad" monarch commanded it; and abandoned again until 1868.) Debussy, the composer, whom the musical body has now assimilated as thoroughly as it has Haydn, was in 1908 still quite abreast of the artistic vanguard, and to conservatives his twilight scores loomed like phantoms of destruction pointing a whole-tone highway to the abyss. Even Maeterlinck was still viewed with some distrust.

It did take courage and enterprise for Oscar Hammerstein to give that "Pelléas" in 1908, and he put it through triumphantly, though to do so he had to import from Paris all except one of the five principal singing actors of the original cast. But thus he had in Mary Garden and Jean Périer the Pelléas and the Mélisande whose like the world will never know again, and besides them Hector Dufranne for Golaud and Jeanne Gerville-Réache for Geneviève.

The main importance of the recent Metropolitan production lies in the fact of its being a departure from Metropolitan routine. Every once in a while, no matter who the manager, the Metropolitan indulges in just such an excursion. There was

the ill-fated "Salome" venture of Conried's time, which buried Conried in discredit and made Hammerstein's third season for that astute manipulator of fortune. Mr. Gatti-Casazza's productions of "Armide," of "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," of "Boris Godounoff," of "Le Coq d'Or" each in its way belongs in this excursive class, though they have brought upon Mr. Gatti-Casazza none of the contumely that was poor Conried's portion from the "Salome" affair. Very much the contrary, in fact! The significance of the Metropolitan's "Pelléas et Mélisande" is precisely similar. The Metropolitan has an enormous active repertory. No other opera house has equaled it in that respect. And yet this repertory, huge though it is, neither comprehends so much nor balances so nicely as it might. The addition of "Pelléas et Mélisande" is a wholesome rectification.

That, it seems to me, is the chief artistic significance of the Metropolitan "Pelléas" at the present time; that and the fact that apparently it holds the door open to further cognate excursions in the impending future—profitable visits to the outlying territories of Stravinsky's "Nightingale," of Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole," of Manuel de Falla's "La Vida Breve." Intrinsically the event is less important for operatic art than the delectable production of Mozart's "Così fan tutte" two years ago. A far more drastic and compelling act would be the performing with equal care and competence of an opera by Handel, an opera by Rameau, an opera previously unheard here by Gluck or by Mozart, or, to take a century's skip and more, a work of the contemporary Italian school like the "Fedra" of Pizzetti, based on d'Annunzio's drama, or Alfano's "Leggenda di Sacuntala." And this is not said in anything less than gratitude for "Pelléas et Mélisande."

That opera stands apart from all others both in the quality of its beauty and in its kind. One need not adopt Mr. Newman's screaming simile of the mule and his progeny to subscribe unreservedly to the latter fact. Debussy himself told Mr. Gatti-Casazza that for another opera he would have to adopt another style. Which non-Debussyites might interpret as a confession from the author that anything else he should write in that style would be indistinguishable from "Pelléas"! At any rate, the sketches he left for other long projected lyric dramas are said to indicate nothing but the sterility of the Newman allegation. So it is that today one may in the odor of perfect security and an irreproachable righteousness ransack the thesaurus for all the "filmy," "opalescent," "atmospheric," "ghostlike" equivalents and lay out ink to one's heart's content over "Pelléas" just as one may round up the synonyms for "divine grace" and expatiate in unending essays on the glories of Mozart. Whatever fruit this tilth may bear, the pastime is now guaranteed harmless.

No pains were spared in the Metropolitan performance to make of it a faithful rendering of Maeterlinck's play and Debussy's score into the visible and audible terms of the theater. Louis Hasselmans, the conductor, is an old hand at "Pelléas," and into his supervision of the musical element went the unflagging zeal and ardor of the devotee. He received whole-souled and intelligent assistance from the stage direction of Wilhelm von Wymetal, and Joseph Urban provided the scenery. The cast, with the exception of Edward Johnson, who had done an Italian Pelléas in Rome, was, I believe, entirely new to its functions. The extremely important duty of projecting every word intelligibly into the auditorium it accomplished with amazing success, though, except in the case of Léon Rother (Arkel), French is an acquired tongue for them all.

No lyric couple will ever obscure the memory of Jean Périer and Mary Garden as those wraithlike lovers of a mist-bound nowhere, but Mr. Johnson and Mme Bori sensitively expressed in tapestry tints their legendary grief and longing. Mr. Whitehill portrayed with magnificent power and dominance Golaud, the rude and suspicion-tortured husband, though one may prefer the less intricate, less palpable, more sullen embodiment made traditional by M. Dufranne. Mr. Rother was the pitying grandsire Arkel of a solicitous benevolence and a flaw-

less French. Mme Howard read aloud the letter to perfection. The one thing really needful for the Metropolitan production was the interposition of a mitigating veil of gauze between the audience and the stage pictures, which prevailingly were too concrete and at times too generously lighted. Admirable was the raised inner stage for most of the action—the use of the lower and outer plane was not wholly convincing; admirable, too, the sable curtain that cut tableau from tableau like the headman's blade. But for the eye, and for the ear as well, the whole production was keyed too high in visibility and audibility. Easily enough it might have been softened.

Drama

The Magic Million

"THE FOUR-FLUSHER" (Apollo Theater) is one of those typical American plays which reach a happy end when the *deus ex machina* approaches the dejected hero and, slapping him upon the back, says impressively: "We have decided to buy your patent. It ought to net you fifty or sixty thousand dollars a year." During the preceding two hours and a half the humble clerk who invented in certain spare hours off stage an ingenious shoe-arch has been persistently humiliated by the entire cast; he has been discharged from his job, snubbed by the elite, and deserted by his beloved; but now with a wave of the magic check the sun bursts through. The real girl, whose sterling virtues have been hitherto observed by no one except the audience, steps from behind the counter to be received into his arms and, amid universal applause, he announces his ultimate hope: Who knows, some day he may make "a million."

Naively innocent in its materialism, the play has never wandered from its subject or ever recognized the possibility of any interest save in money. No character has any attribute except his fitness or lack of fitness in the race for its acquisition, and man is represented with no other passion, good or bad, save the passion for "success." Yet one abstraction is recognized. There is something magic about the words "a million"; nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine is not quite the same thing. The last dollar is of supreme importance because there is something transcendental about the value of the standard figure which represents ultimate success; when that last dollar has been added then all nature can stand up and say: "He was a man."

When I saw the play it had already run almost a week. By that unexplainable process so often observed in the theater, somehow it had already found its audience, and if there was present in all the enthusiastic crowd one person of a class other than that for which the play was intended I failed to observe him. Nor was there in the obvious delight of this audience anything hard to understand, for whatever one may think of the play, however far it may be from either realism or idealism, it is both a perfect representation of the point of view of thousands and a complete imaginative fulfillment of their deepest desires. In more sophisticated theatrical entertainments, even when these thousands can stomach them, there is much that is irrelevant; much that seems not so important as it is made to appear; but here there are no subtle scruples and no exalted emotions to puzzle their simplicity or, perhaps, to shame them a little in their vulgarity. Obviously the author of the piece is exactly on their own level and thinks with them. He records their manners and opinions without a suggestion of disturbing insight, and he tells them what they want to hear. At any moment, he says, some trick of fate may put you in the way of the magic million, and there is no sort of achievement which this achievement does not make supererogatory. Fine manners, subtle thoughts, and great passions—these are sham distinctions which the poor affect to cover their shame. But he who has made a million need trouble himself about nothing more—and a million is just around the corner. Moreover the play is,

of necessity, what is called "clean," for it deals with no passion except the passion for money, and acquisitiveness cannot be other than respectable. Well acted in its way, "The Four-Flusher" stands a very good chance of achieving one of those difficult end-of-the-season successes.

Undoubtedly the pleasantest events of the week were the two Gilbert and Sullivan revivals, "The Mikado" (Forty-fourth Street Theater) and "Princess Ida" (Shubert Theater). It is difficult to say whether the familiarity of the first or the relative novelty of the second is the more agreeable. Both productions, without being exactly inspired, are extremely good, especially upon the vocal side. In "The Mikado" William Danforth, representing the old tradition of these operas, serves to remind us that there is a richness possible in the interpretation of the comic roles which the younger men do not achieve; but the Ko-Ko of Lupino Lane is genuinely amusing and the Yum-Yum of Marguerite Namara is musically very fine if not particularly

sprightly. Tom Burke sings well as usual but maintains a wooden impassivity. In "Princess Ida" Tessa Kosta rises to unexpected heights in the song "False Fire to Fail Me in My Need," and generally gives a very good account of herself. Though a little weak on the comic side, "Princess Ida" nevertheless furnishes a delightful evening. "Mercenary Mary" (Longacre Theater) is average musical comedy, but George Gershwin's careening jazz puts "Tell Me More" (Gaiety Theater) among the assured successes.

Inability to find a better vehicle is obviously responsible for the appearance of Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick in "Taps" (Broadhurst Theater). A German military play of some twenty years ago, it tells a conventional story of barracks life and without being bad of its kind offers little of interest to a contemporary American audience. Mr. Barrymore has very little opportunity to distinguish himself.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



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WHY IS UPTON SINCLAIR ?

In the "Century Magazine" for April an eminent professor of anthropology reports upon the low state of Europe, and as evidence records: "These 'sophisticated' Russians acclaim Upton Sinclair as a magnitude of the first order." The professor knows the reason for this, and gives it in a sentence: "The Russians admire Upton Sinclair simply because he is a Socialist."

Now this leading anthropologist is accustomed to protest against the oversimplification of his own specialty, by formulas which do not cover all the facts. We have observed the gusto with which he deflates a too-confident generalization. Let us apply his method to himself.

Is Upton Sinclair the favorite American writer of Germany, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia because he is a Democrat? Is Upton Sinclair the favorite American writer of France and Switzerland because he is a Republican? Of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland because he is a Monarchist? Of Italy because he is a Fascist? Of India because he is a Mystic? Of Australia and New Zealand because he is a Pioneer?

The professor implies that the popularity of Upton Sinclair is a matter of mass-prejudice; overlooking the fact that the men of letters here lead the masses. Is Upton Sinclair the favorite American writer of Georg Brandes because he is a Liberal? ("Frank Norris, Jack London, and Upton Sinclair," says Brandes.) Of Henri Barbusse because he is a Communist? ("L'hommage d'admiration dévouée," writes Barbusse.) Of Romain Rolland because he is a Humanitarian? ("One such work will survive in an epoch," writes Rolland.) Of Blasco Ibanez because he is a Constitutionalist? ("Mon grand confrère," writes Ibanez.) Of Frederik van Eeden because he is a Catholic? ("Verwonderlijke kracht," writes van Eeden.) Of H. G. Wells because he is a Utopian? ("Dear and Only Upton," writes Wells.) Of Johann Bojer because he is an Artist? ("Dear Master," writes Bojer.) Of Rabindranath Tagore because he is a Saint? ("I felt immediately a bond of sympathy," writes Tagore.)

How many times has it happened that an American writer has become a household word, alike in the cottage and the salon, throughout the civilized world? There have been four such writers, and three of them are dead—James Fennimore Cooper, Mark Twain, and Jack London. The fourth has had to be his own publisher, and therefore has to fight his own battles.

The works of Upton Sinclair are about to be declared a state monopoly by the Russian government, the property of a hundred million people for all time. They are serving as university text-books in Switzerland, and as school-books in Mexico. They are the Bible of political prisoners in Jugo-Slavia, Poland, Esthonia and San Quentin, California. They are read wherever the English language is spoken, and are regularly translated into a dozen foreign tongues.

Upton Sinclair has just published a new book:

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International Relations Section

North Slesvig: An Unoppressed Minority

By GEORG GRETOR

WHERE international boundaries have been honestly drawn there are national minorities on both sides of the frontier. The treatment of these minorities, which exist along almost all the frontiers of Europe, is the heart of the problem; it cannot be solved by new frontiers, but only by giving the minorities their rights and their freedom.

The situation on the Danish-German frontier is particularly interesting because these are peoples of the same religious faith and of the same ethnic stock, separated only by language and by national culture; and, as it happens, the self-conscious national minorities on both sides of the frontier are today approximately equal.

The complaint of the German Nationalists that Denmark won her new frontier at Versailles instead of through direct negotiations with Germany is hardly justified in view of the facts that Germany had had plenty of time to reach an understanding with Denmark after the war of 1864, when she incorporated into her territory the entire province of Slesvig-Holstein, including the Danish part of North Slesvig. Bismarck himself was for a time inclined to such a solution, but the German Nationalists always opposed it.

At Versailles Denmark limited her claim to a provision permitting the Danish-speaking and Danish-feeling people of North Slesvig to return to Denmark after a plebiscite. France would gladly have seen the Danish-German frontier set as close as possible to the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, which connects the North Sea with the Baltic and is large enough for warships. But Denmark gave up all claim to South Slesvig and proposed to divide the disputed territory into two zones, Middle and North Slesvig. But for this separation both zones would have gone to Denmark, for in the two together some 88,000 Danish votes stood against 77,000 Germans. The division left Middle Slesvig, which is overwhelmingly German, to Germany, so that the new boundary almost exactly coincides with the linguistic frontier. At the plebiscite in 1920 out of about 100,000 voters in Danish North Slesvig some 25,000 voted for Germany, whereas in German Middle Slesvig about 12,500 out of 64,000 voted for Denmark. But at the elections in Germany and in Denmark this year the representative of the German minority in the Danish Riksdag received about 7,000 votes, whereas about 5,300 votes were cast for a Danish representative in the German Reichstag (although this was not enough to elect one). The German and Danish Socialists naturally voted for Socialist rather than for Nationalist candidates. Probably the fact that Germany, overwhelmed by the economic consequences of the Versailles treaty, has not yet found time to attend to the question of the Danish minority, whereas Denmark—with all parties agreeing—has settled by law the rights of the German minority, is responsible for these figures.

Naturally, the Danish law safeguards the right to use the German language in the courts and administrative bodies of North Slesvig, but the measures which Denmark has taken to preserve the German public schools are still more interesting. The fundamental principle of the

Danish law is that parents and guardians should be entirely free to decide whether their children shall attend German or Danish schools. In any school district in which 20 per cent of the parents ask a German school, such a school must be established, even if there are only 10 children of school age in the district. If there are 24 children of school age whose parents want a German school, one must be established for them, regardless of the percentage. After the third school year, Danish must be taught in these German schools, as a foreign language, for from four to six hours weekly. But if the parents ask it, their children may be released from attendance at these classes.

The local school boards (which suggest the plan of instruction, the teachers, and the textbooks) are elected by the voters of the school districts, according to a system of proportional representation. If, however, there is a difference of opinion between national groups, the Ministry of Education makes the decision. It is the practice of the Danish Government always to regard the wishes of the minority in these school matters. Only two cases have yet occurred in which the German minority on a school board proposed a different German-speaking teacher than the Danish majority, and in both cases the Government followed the desire of the minority.

About 30 German schools, with more than 100 classes, in which an average of 24 pupils each are taught, have been organized. They stand on a par with the German schools, and are, of course, free. Three-quarters of the extra cost of instruction in two languages is borne by the state and only one-quarter by the local community, so that the financial problem shall not make it more difficult to maintain minority schools. No case has arisen in which a German school has not been established where the legal conditions existed.

The Danish legislation for the protection of minorities is, relative to other countries, ideal. Compare the following incident in the Italian Chamber: When on December 19, 1924, the representative of the German minority in South Tyrol, Mr. Tinzl, introduced a resolution for the protection of the German language in the German-speaking parts of Italy, he said:

I will cite Denmark as an example in which the numerical relation between majority and minority is approximately the same as in Italy. Nevertheless, every primary school in the German and mixed districts has two branches, and the parents of the children decide freely whether their children shall attend the German-speaking or the Danish-speaking branch.

The best laws can be made illusory if the civil officials are hostile to them, so the spirit of the Danish administration, particularly of the Ministry of Education, counts for most in the end. Mrs. Nina Bang has been Minister of Education in Denmark for more than a year. She comes of a family of scholars, holds a high academic degree, and has published scientific studies. Politically, she belongs to the moderate Socialist Party. Recently the chauvinists attacked her because she had opposed the custom of singing super-patriotic national songs on every possible and impossible occasion.

I asked Mrs. Bang to explain to the readers of *The Nation* the attitude of the Danish Ministry of Education toward the minority. Nina Bang said:

German citizens in North Slesvig who want the Ger-

man language and German culture shall have it. We will never impose Danish-minded German-speaking teachers whom they do not want upon the German minority, nor will we force upon them textbooks which they do not want. At present, most of these schools use Hamburg and Bremen textbooks. We understand the right of the German minority to include not only the German language but also German literature and German history—German culture in the broadest sense of the word. So we have installed teachers who are graduates of the old German normal schools of North Slesvig. As places become vacant we plan to fill them with teachers who have graduated from the Danish normal schools, but have in addition spent one or two years in Germany, perhaps at the German universities, at the expense of the Danish Government. If that does not seem sufficient it is conceivable that the German-speaking teachers will attend normal school in Germany and afterward take a supplementary course in Denmark.

We plan to establish secondary schools in the cities of North Slesvig to facilitate the transition to the Danish high schools (gymnasiums) for students of 15 years and over. Anyone who wishes to prepare for the university exclusively in the German language, however, may do so in private schools or with tutors. Private schools, unlike the public schools, may have as many foreign teachers as are desired. Educated teachers never have any difficulty with the immigration authorities.

These ministerial declarations make it plain that the spirit with which the minorities are treated in Denmark is such that nothing is left which could be incorporated in a treaty. That is why Denmark has declined to make the protection of minorities a subject for international treaties. Denmark, whose constitution and legislation clearly express fundamental civil liberties, believes that while a national minority has full claim to these rights their regulation is a domestic concern. It does not consider that these fundamental human rights should be made the subject of negotiations with another country, as manufactured products are made the subject of commercial treaties. In fact, the Danes believe that such a practice reflects unfavorably upon the solution of the minority question. It may work in precisely the opposite direction, just as the system of commercial treaties has led some European governments to establish extra-high tariff duties with the expectation of reducing them later in return for "compensation."

Brandes Despairs

GEORG BRANDES, the 83-year-old Danish philosopher, spoke on Europe Today in Berlin on March 31. We translate the following report of his remarks from the *Berliner Tageblatt* of April 1:

Nineteenth-century Europe cradled itself in illusions. People believed what they wanted to believe. In England Herbert Spencer was teaching that the instinct of the masses would bring about the golden age. In Russia Tolstoi and Kropotkin were preaching faith in the goodness of mankind. Tolstoi found salvation in a few paragraphs of the gospels; Kropotkin, nobler and finer soul than Tolstoi, believed in the magic of evolution and anarchy. Optimism was preached as a duty in Europe and America, until very few people were able to see even purely political matters as they really were.

The peoples of Europe and America had, indeed, a kind of culture; but they also had a press, and it was extremely difficult to safeguard culture with such a press. The German press is among the best in the world. Never particularly keen



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politically, it is culturally further advanced than that of the other countries. But how have the great spirits of Germany fared? When John Sebastian Bach died in 1765 he was wholly unknown. When Goethe first published his collected writings in 1787-90, including the "Faust" fragment which is the pride of the modern world, only three hundred copies were sold—the publisher lost 1,720 thalers. There was no German press in those days. When Goethe completed his "Faust" in July, 1831, it did not occur to him to publish it; people would only have said stupid things about it. There was still no German press. Schopenhauer's masterpiece appeared in 1819; it aroused no attention. A second edition was not necessary for twenty-five years. The next German world-figure was Heinrich Heine, who was not precisely praised by the press. About 1880 another German world-genius revealed himself, Friedrich Nietzsche; he died undiscovered by the German press.

The German press contributed little or nothing to the outbreak of the World War, but without the press of all countries the World War would have been impossible. Peoples, in general, love peace; the press awakens their war-like impulses. It does not need to be bribed by the great industrialists; it needs only to be patriotic, and that it was in almost all countries. Patriotism and world peace do not get on together. Furthermore, almost every country has ambitions which cannot be realized without war.

Public opinion in France was still peaceful in 1912, although the influence of Edward VII was making itself strongly felt. I was astonished in 1913 to find the atmosphere wholly changed. When, in the summer of 1913, I heard the speeches made when Henri de Régniers was received in the Academy, I received a very definite impression. I wrote on that same day that "Nationalism, theoretically defeated in the Dreyfus affair, has now won a practical victory in France. A wind of war-like madness is blowing over Europe, in spite of all the Socialist victories in the elections. It is blowing particularly strong in France."

A French paper recently asked me whether we had an international culture. I answered: "Surely, in geometry, astronomy, chemistry, physics, and medicine; but outside of those fields I do not ask whether we have an international culture but whether we have any culture at all."

Today peoples, classes, and parties hate one another more and more. Nobody believes in justice. There is a League of Nations, but it is noteworthy that it has its headquarters not at the Hague but at Geneva, where it can be more easily watched. Russia, Japan, and China are coming closer to each other—obviously in order to organize world peace. Europe has a kind of international science, and several arts which are more or less in decline; in order not to miss the universal element it also has a general corruption.

Every nation considers itself the finest people on earth. I heard a little Polish boy ask his mother: "Is it true, as the teacher says, that Columbus was not a Pole?" The Danish Bishop Grundtvig said that the Danish people were closest to the heart of God. I once asked a professor from Christiania if the Norwegian peasants thought the same thing of their people. He flushed and said softly: "I think so myself." Nationalism, Catholicism (which is constantly gaining ground), and the growing communism are the three great powers of our day. Beside them socialism is good-natured and unwarlike. The political ideal of the nineteenth century, popular freedom, is done with in countries governed by conservatives as well as in those governed by bolsheviks.

Before the war Germans were sensitive to every criticism made by a foreigner. The leading editorial writer of a great Berlin newspaper whom I was unable to see in 1913 because of the pressure of work wrote to me that he had heard that I was an enemy of Germany but would not have believed that my hate would go so far as to refuse to talk with a German. Before the war France, too, was sensitive; today it is as sensi-

tive as if it had no skin at all. Any one who casts doubt upon the justice of French policy counts as an enemy of France and a renegade. Every stranger is expected to gape in admiration of France—otherwise he must have been bribed by German propaganda. A wave of hostility to France is creeping over England and the United States today and it has not been to ebb. France is regarded as the heir of Prussian militarism. She utilizes methods which before the war she condemned. The France which won the heart of Europe and of America, the France of Armand Carrel, Thiers, Jules Ferry, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Flaubert, and Zola, no longer exists.

One of the saddest consequences of the World War is mediocrity which denies all greatness and clarity and demands a rickety religiosity and sterility. Science is discredited. Instinct is lauded by those who have no instinct. The people cherish that which they do not understand. Venizelos met the same fate as Trotzky; any one who stands above the crowd must be destroyed. In Germany this impulse led to the murder of peaceful men like Rathenau. As a rule the better is replaced by the mediocre. I knew Wolfgang Kapp when he was fourteen years old. He could not have had a better education. His father, Friedrich Kapp, was an extraordinary man, a scholar, a freedom-loving man. Morel, the best man in England, was put in prison for six months in 1917 because he sent Romain Rolland one of his pamphlets in which he declared that German militarism was no worse than every other militarism. Europe is dominated by political affectation. There is so much which must be revenged that the future is dark. The rapprochement between Russia and Japan opens entirely new perspectives. The strongest voice in the world is no longer that of Europe. Europe sings soprano today. Let us hope that Europe will be preserved for those who succeed us.

Contributors to This Issue

ELLEN N. LA MOTTE, author of "The Ethics of Opium" and a new volume of short stories, "Snuffs and Butters," wrote on The Deadlock at Geneva in *The Nation* for February 4.

JOHN W. OWENS has long served as Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is professor of sociology at Smith College.

DOUGLAS BUSH is tutor in the division of modern languages at Harvard.

IRWIN EDMAN, a member of the faculty of philosophy at Columbia, is soon to publish a volume of poems.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL is the famous American novelist, author of "Jurgen," "Beyond Life," and many others.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER, author of "Early Civilization," frequently reviews anthropological and other scientific works for *The Nation*.

R. F. DIBBLE is author of "Strenuous Americans" and "John L. Sullivan."

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON is author of "The Story of Mankind." His latest volume is "The Story of Wilbur the Hat."

Next week's issue of *The Nation* will be a Special Foreign Book Number.

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